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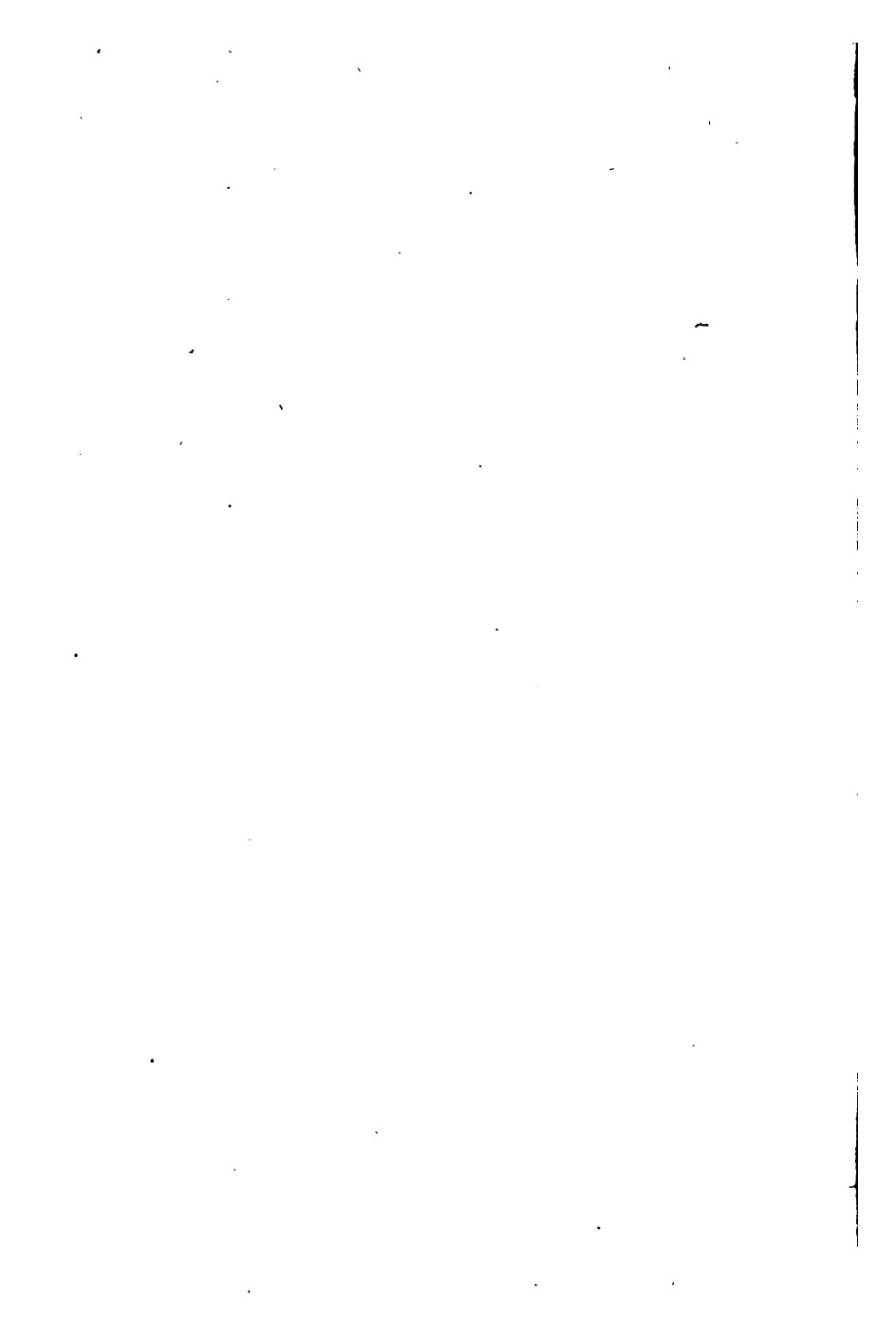


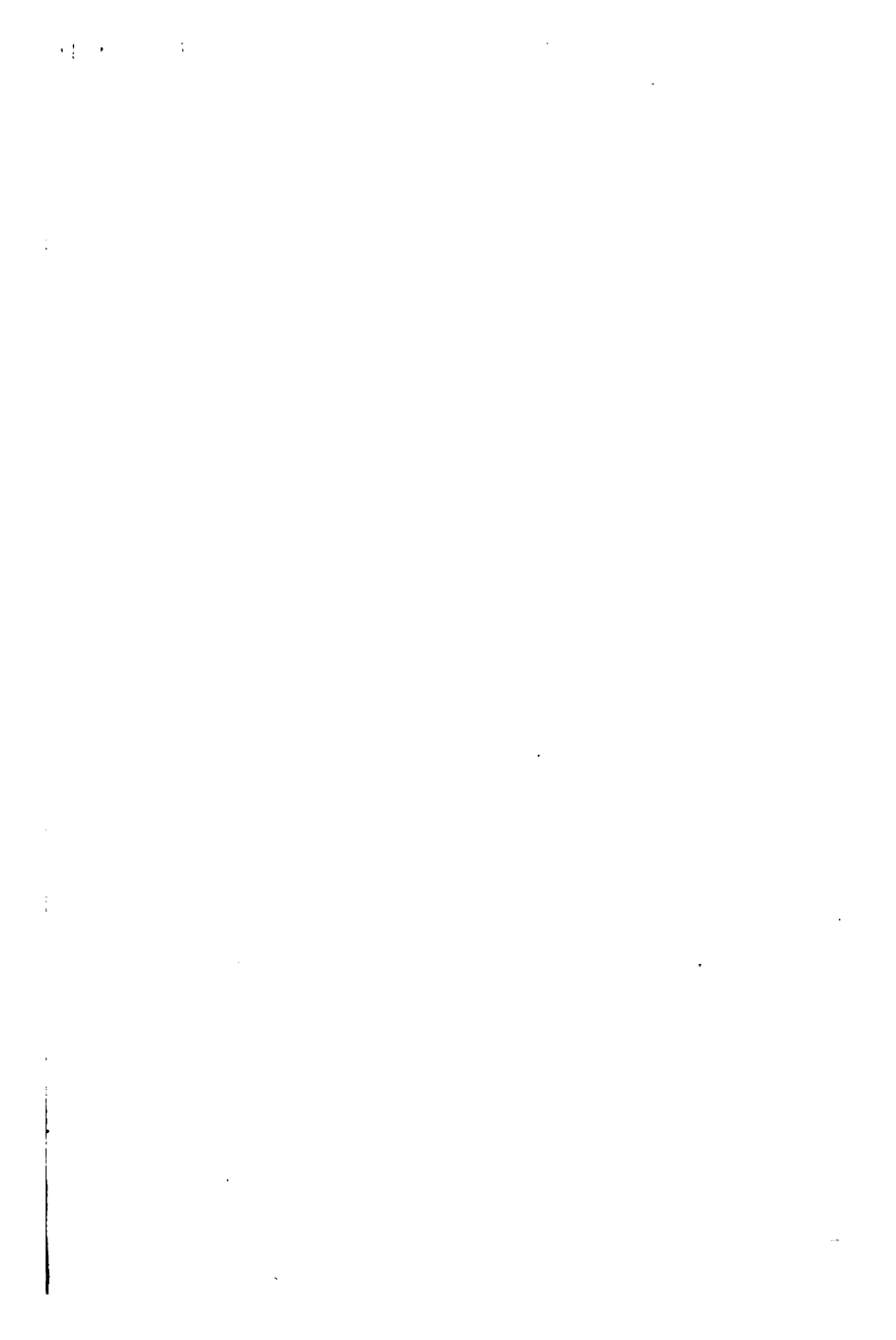
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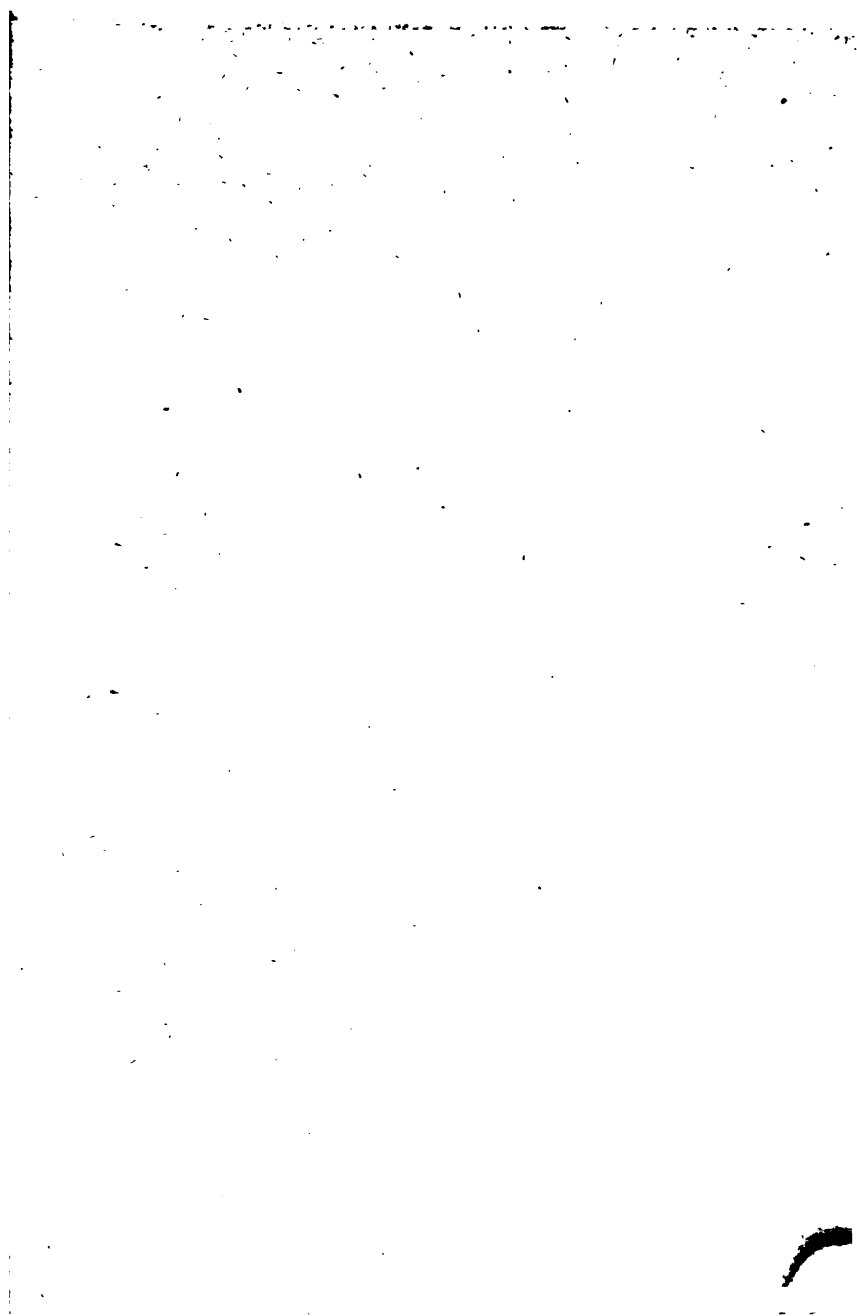
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*Yours Faithfully
Amanda J. Jones.*



RUBÁIYÁT OF SOLOMON

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

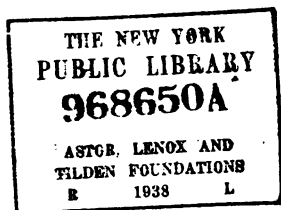
AMANDA T. JONES

*Author of "Utah," "Atlantis and Other Poems," "A
Prairie Idyl," etc.*

NEW YORK:
ALDEN BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

1905.

END



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AMANDA T. JONES.
A. D. 1905.

INSCRIBED

*With immeasurable gratitude
and affection*

TO MY BROTHERS:

Long known among men as
THE REV. RUFUS COOLEY,
AND
WILLIAM COLLINS JONES,

*Lovers of Holiness, Israelites indeed in whom
was no guile.*

A. T. J.

INTRODUCTION.

BY J. N. LARNED,

[Author of "*Seventy Centuries of the Life of Mankind*," and editor of "*History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading*."]]

When a poet invites me to associate my name with her own, in such a volume of verse as this, I cannot decline the honor, even though I must take it by the assumption of an office which I ought not to fill. Except in the modesty of her own feeling, there is no reason for what seems to be my presentation of Miss Jones to readers who know her much better than they can possibly know me. It may be that her song is more widely familiar than her name; since much of it has gone unnamed, in the first instance, to the world, and is cherished lovingly in many memories, waiting for the personal association which this book may afford.

To a considerable public the present collection of Miss Jones's poetical work may reveal a new star in American literature; but the poets recognized her and welcomed her to their company at the beginning, almost, of her published

writing. The little volume, of some twenty years ago, that took a title from its leading poem, "A Prairie Idyl" (issued anonymously, except in a few private copies), drew letters of warm admiration from Whittier, Holmes, Boker, Stoddard, Jean Ingelow, Austin Dobson, and many more, and was reviewed with very hearty appreciation by the foremost critics of the day; but an unfortunate fire destroyed most of the edition and it went into not many hands. It deserved a very different fate; for nothing finer in thought, feeling, imagination, phrasing or melody, is to be found in American verse. The title poem is a perfect nature-picture from the teeming West. Then, by a striking change of note in the next poem, entitled "Service and Sacrifice," the most solemn impressiveness is given to a great religious thought; and that is followed by a delicious modulation into strains of tenderness in the third poem, "Father" (the noblest in the book, for me); and so, throughout, the emotional variations are marvellously wrought.

In imaginative richness and power, but not in sweeter qualities, those poems are surpassed, perhaps, by some which appeared in an earlier volume, written mostly in the years of the civil war, and inspired by the griefs, the hopes, the heroic passions of that trial time. One poem in the older collection, entitled "The Prophecy of the Dead," written in April, 1861, can

never have been read and forgotten by one who had lived through the emotions of that dread month.

It is to be hoped that some day, not distant, will give us a collected edition of the writings of Miss Jones. What we receive now adds largely and importantly to her poetical work, especially in the historical quality which so many of her lyrics have taken from the inspiration of great events. "The Saving of an Empire," dedicated to John Hay, and "Panama," are among the fine poems of recent years which have that historical significance, and which greatly enrich the book.

To say that a permanent high place in American literature belongs to the poems of Amanda T. Jones is to express the judgment of many whose critical opinion has vastly more weight than mine.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May, 1905.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	II
DAVID GRAY	15
<hr/>	
RUBAIYAT OF SOLOMON.	
SCROLL I.	
Labor without End.....	17
Desolation of the Wise.....	18
SCROLL II.	
Vanity of Greatness.....	20
Wisdom and Folly.....	22
Portion without Labor.....	24
The Gifts of God.....	25
SCROLL III.	
Times and Seasons.....	26
Equity in Judgment.....	28
SCROLL IV.	
Oppressors	30
The Miser	31
Union in Labor.....	31
The Multitude	32
SCROLL V.	
The Place of Worship.....	33
God's Omniscience	34
Wealth and Poverty.....	35
Happiness	36
SCROLL VI.	
Possessions not Enjoyed.....	38
Life without Honor.....	38
One Place for All.....	39
Walking by Desire.....	39
Evil and Good.....	40
SCROLL VII.	
A Good Name.....	41

SCROLL VII.— <i>Continued.</i>	PAGE
Wisdom in Sorrow	41
Patience under Oppression.....	42
Wisdom a Defence.....	43
Searching for Wisdom.....	46
SCROLL VIII.	
The King.....	48
Sentence Delayed	49
Judgment Mis-applied	50
The Work of God.....	51
SCROLL IX.	
Life and Death.....	53
The End of All.....	54
Joy in Life.....	54
Time and Chance	55
The Reward of Wisdom.....	56
SCROLL X.	
The Wisdom of Discretion.....	58
Government	61
Neglect	61
Feasting	62
The Wisdom of Secrecy.....	62
SCROLL XI.	
Charities	63
Light and Darkness.....	64
Judgment to Come.....	65
SCROLL XII.	
The Spirit	66
The Preacher	68
DELIVERANCE	71
FROM A FAR CONTRÉE.....	73
THE LADY GWYNETH.	
Part I	74
Part II	77
Part III	82
Glossary	89
KANSAS BIRD SONGS.	
A Mocking-Bird	91
The Thrush	92
The Purple Finch	93
Che-wink	96
The Red-Bird	97

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
ABIGAIL BECKER	100
SEA-TROUT	108
INTERLUDES.	
My Little Wife.....	110
A Lover to His Lady.....	113
Epithalamium	116
The Child	119
"King David"	121
Bugler Dunn	123
Vincent Archer	125
Mamie's Kisses	127
A Small Pessimist	129
Beauty	132
Coming Home	135
POSTLUDES.	
Christmas Day	139
At the Ford	141
A New Commandment	143
Comforted	144
Made Manifest	144
Doors of Olive.....	146
A Christian	149
FIELD AND GARDEN.	
Food-Seekers	151
The Sensitive Brier	152
One of Many	153
Flowers and a Weed.....	154
DULCISSIMÆ.	
Spirit of Benediction	161
An Evangelist	162
Victim and Victor	164
One Merciful	166
His Minister	167
The Life Beautiful	169
FRIENDS REMAINING	171
THE HEREAFTER.	
His Voice	173
At First	175
Afterward	176
Their Heavenly House.....	178
Without the Gates.....	182
A Flower of Paradise.....	184

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL	PAGE
America	188
The Saving of an Empire.....	190
Fort Riley	194
Hawaii	198
"My Irish"	199
America to England.....	202
Panama	205
A Song of Peace.....	207
FINIS	209

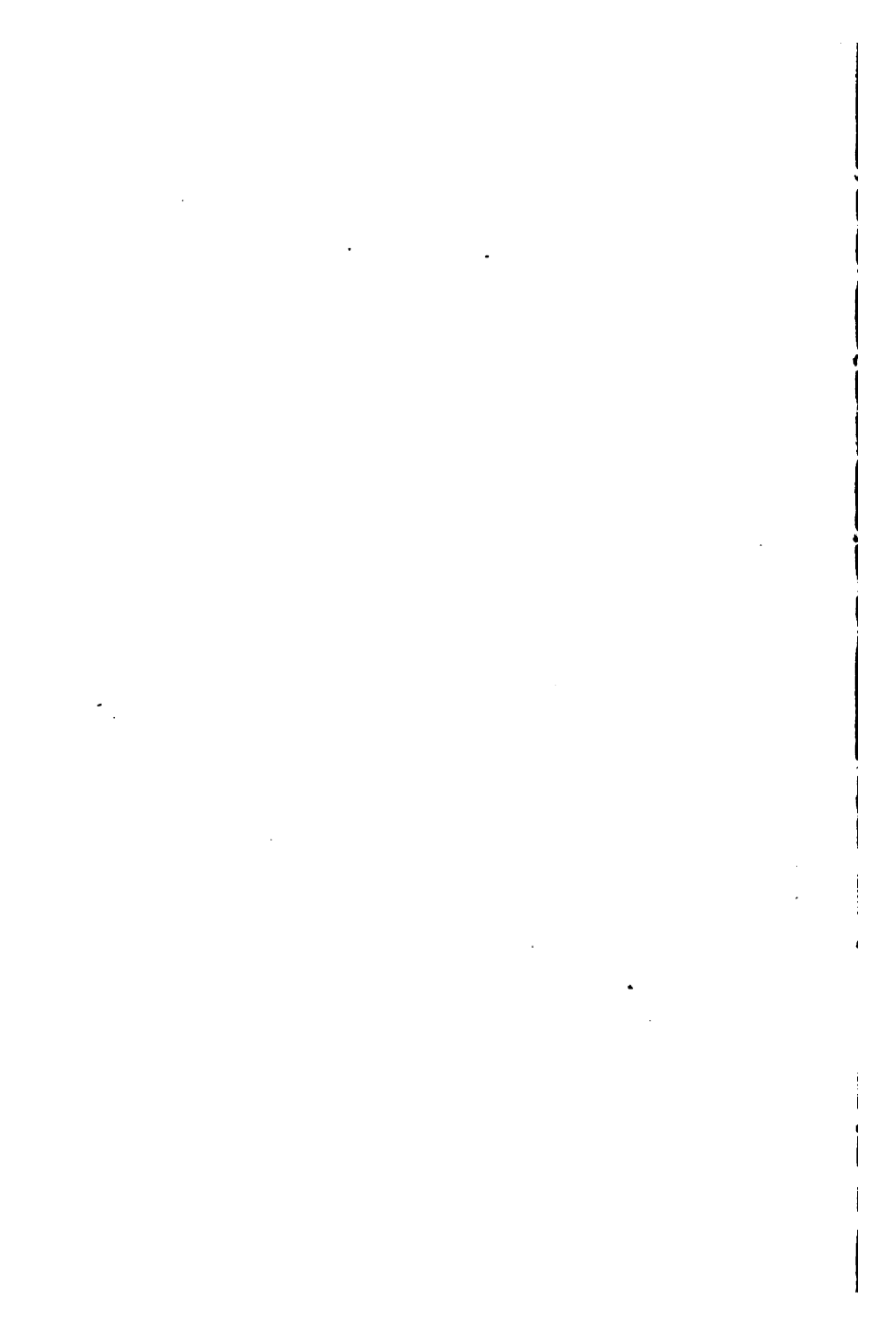
DAVID GRAY.

I.

If, for a breathing-space, reprieved we were,
 Who still in these dim-windowed prisons mourn,—
 To Heaven's empurpled veils full high were borne,
 Then should we see and evermore aver,
 Slighter they are than sheerest gossamer.
 Within, white souls, to souls from earth up-torn
 Or loosed in slumber-time from bodies worn,
 The all-sweet sacraments administer.
 Into that lucency a poet passed,
 Of whom men said: "There flits a woodland
 bird,
 "From Scotland blown—scarce ruffled in the blast!
 Be still and seem as though we had not heard
 And he will sing the more." . . . Oh, stillness vast,
 Wherein nor voice nor wing of throstle stirred!

II.

Ah, let us dream! . . . And, being welcomed there,
 With gentle words low-murmured in the ear:
 "Wait thou with us until our Lord draw near,
 Who will appoint thee,"—many a spirit fair
 Came greeting him; and songs were in the air:
 Till he, forgetting self, all fain to hear,
 Cried: "Soft your voices are and silver clear!
 "Shall not these bards the very laurel wear?"
 Then silence fell . . . Even as a wind that fills
 The underboughs where buds were held from
 bloom,
 The Lord passed through Rose such a voice
 as thrills
 The dumbest ear: "Great Dante, out of gloom
 "Delivered long!—Crowned poets on the hills!—
 A poet comes to worship: give him room!"



RUBÁIYÁT OF SOLOMON.

THIRD KING OF ISRAEL.

1015—977 B. C.

SCROLL I.

LABOR WITHOUT END.

I.

Hear what the Preacher, son of David, saith:
All is but vanity and idle breath!

What profit hath a man for labor done?
For all is vanity from birth to death.

II.

Man's generations pass — remaineth none:
But earth abideth still; also the sun

Ariseth, goeth down and to his place
Whence he arose, hasteth the shining one.

III.

The wind that goeth South a little space,
Toward the North, turneth about his face;

Whirling continually returneth he
And in his circuits doth the earth embrace.

IV.

Lo, all the rivers run into the sea
 Yet is the sea not full!—therefrom set free,
 Into the place from whence the rivers run
 Do they return, each one in his degree.

V.

For all is labor underneath the sun:
 Man cannot utter it; the eye of none
 Is satisfied with seeing, nor the ear
 Yet filled with hearing that which hath been
 done.

VI.

The thing that hath been, shall again appear.
 Of what may it be rumored far or near:
 See!—this is new!—a miracle revere!
 Foolish are they that speak and they that hear.

DESOLATION OF THE WISE.

I.

Hear, Israel! I the King of David's line,
 Preached in Jerusalem of things divine.
 I gave my heart to seek and search them
 out,
 By wisdom moved to make all knowledge mine.

II.

Seeking within the temple and without,—
Concerning all things yet was I in doubt.

God giveth unto man this travail sore,
So to be exercised and tossed about.

III.

I have seen all the works done heretofore
And know that vanity is all their store.

That which is crooked cannot be made
straight,
That wanting aught cannot be numbered more.

IV.

I with my heart communed: What shall abate
My glory? I am come to great estate.

Above all men of knowledge I am chief:
Yea, in experience my heart is great!

V.

All is vexation! as the flying leaf
Wisdom and folly pass,—their time is brief.

Behold, much wisdom maketh desolate!
Increasing knowledge man increaseth grief.

SCROLL II.

VANITY OF GREATNESS.

I.

Go to, my heart! thee will I prove with mirth.
Enjoy thy pleasure; take thy fill of earth;
To madness and to mirth thyself resign:—
This, too, is vanity and nothing worth.

II.

Say thou of all delights: Lo, they are mine!
Therewith I sought to give myself to wine.
That I with wisdom might my heart acquaint
I let my steps to folly's ways incline.

III.

So, laying hold on folly with restraint
Of wisdom,—while the laborers made complaint
I sought to know that which was good for them;
What maketh to rejoice and what to faint.

IV.

Greater was I than all of royal stem:
Neither might any man my works condemn:

Also I had possessions over all
Aforetime dwelling in Jerusalem.

V.

Houses I had within the city wall;
Upon the hills much cattle great and small;
Gardens with pools and orchards manifold
Whose watered trees all kind of fruit let fall.

VI.

I gat me servants,—none their number told,
Born in my house: silver I had and gold
And the peculiar treasure of the kings
And provinces:—did none their gifts withhold.

VII.

I gat me the delight that music brings:
Women and men—yea, every voice that sings!
All instruments, the greatest and the least:
Their sound was like the roar of mighty wings.

VIII.

On the delights of men my heart did feast;
Neither desire of sweets nor pleasure ceased;
Also my wisdom still remained with me.
So I was great and greatly I increased!

IX.

Within my courts did all men bow the knee;
I hid not what mine eyes desired to see;
My heart rejoicèd at every work begun—
That joy in labor should my portion be.

X.

Then did I look on all my labors done,
The works my hands had finished—every one.
Their memory was as the winds that flee:
There was no profit underneath the sun!

WISDOM AND FOLLY.

I.

To wisdom, madness, folly turned I then:
After the king what work is left for men?
Or how shall joy in labor them incite
What is already done to do again?

II.

Wisdom excelleth folly far as light
Excelleth darkness. If the sun be bright
How are the foolish blinded! Yet the wise
May in his presence walk, nor veil the sight.

III.

The fool in darkness walketh. Lo, mine eyes
Perceived this also: Underneath the skies

Is one event that happeneth to all,—
Neither can wisdom any help devise.

IV.

Then said I in mine heart: It doth befall
To me, who builded high the city wall,
As to the fool. In what have I surpassed?
If foolish or if wise, shall none recall?

V.

For all shall be forgotten as the blast
That smote the tree, or as a shadow cast
Upon the field—a raven going by.
The wise man dieth as the fool at last.

VI.

Therefore I hated life: Or low or high,
Nothing but vanity could I descry.
Grievous is this: Man's time of labor past,
His works shall perish and his memory die.

PORTION WITHOUT LABOR.

I.

I hated all on which my store was spent—
My palaces, my places of content,—
 Yea, all the books I wrote that men might
 know
How great was I—of these I did repent.

II.

The man that cometh after me will show
My works for his and on my greatness grow :
 So, with my light his darkness to disguise,
He reapeth for himself where I did sow.

III.

Therefore I went about with many sighs,
Desiring to despair! . . . A man most wise
 In equity, yet leaveth his estate
To one who all his labor did despise.

IV.

What profit doth the laborer await?
His days are sorrows and his travail great :
 Even in the night he resteth not,—his eyes
Beholding still the things he did create.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

I.

For man is nothing better than to eat
And drink and make his soul with labor sweet.
It is GOD's hand, whereby we walk aright
That I may feast, no man hath swifter feet!

II.

If any man find favor in His sight,
He giveth wisdom, knowledge and delight:
Yet to the wicked giveth travail sore,
And for the sinner's good doth sin requite.

III.

This is the sinner's labor evermore:
To gather and heap up nor spend the store.
What though the sun ariseth, crowned
with might?
His eyes are downward,—how should he adore!

SCROLL III.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

I.

To everything its season: There shall be
A time to every purpose and decree;
A time to live, to die, the Preacher saith;
A time to plant and to pluck up the tree.

II.

A time to kill and to revive the breath,
To heal the stricken heart that sorroweth,
To break down and to build, to suffer pain,
To weep, to laugh, to mourn because of Death.

III.

A time to dance, to gather in the grain;
Stones to cast down and stones upon the plain
To gather up that kings may there abide;
A season to embrace and to refrain.

IV.

A time to get, to keep, to cast aside,
To rend the robe, to sew, to walk in pride,
To speak and not to speak, to love, to hate,
To war, to rest in peace well satisfied.

V.

What profit hath a man in his estate,
Not knowing who shall enter at his gate,
Inheriting that which his hands have
wrought?
Howbeit, GOD giveth man this travail great!

VI.

He hath made all things beautiful,—hath
brought
Each in his time to grow or come to nought,
From the beginning even to the end;
Yet none have found Him out of all who
sought.

VII.

There is no good I know but to depend
On labor, to rejoice and to befriend
The poor, the sick, the widow in distress,
Do good and eat and drink and none offend.

VIII.

It is the gift of GOD wherewith to bless
Them that fear Him and walk in uprightness.
His work shall be forever: nothing more
Can any put thereto, nor make it less.

IX.

That which hath been, is now: Shall men im-
plore
The dead to rise, whom they to burial bore?
Or plead with Death that he should make
redress?
GOD doth require the past and all restore.

EQUITY IN JUDGMENT.

I.

Under the sun I saw the Judgment-place:
There wickedness had lifted up his face;
Yea, in the place where righteousness
should dwell
The judges did iniquity embrace.

II.

Then said I in my heart: GOD judgeth well
The good that fear, the wicked that rebel;
The time for every purpose He doth
know,—
Who lack in wisdom, who therein excel.

III.

GOD might manifest to all below
How poor is man's estate! Instructed so
And having knowledge, they themselves
might see
That they are beasts and into darkness go.

IV.

Subject to one commandment and decree,
Even as the beasts that perish man shall be:
 That which befalleth them doth him be-
 fall:
All have one breath and in their death agree.

V.

All are of dust, to dust return they all:
They go unto one place, beyond recall.
 So that a man hath no pre-eminence
Over the ox that dieth in the stall.

VI.

The spirit of a man hath excellence:
It goeth upward to the place from whence
 It came: and shall he not rejoice herein?
The spirit of a beast goeth not hence.

VII.

Then I perceived that nothing good hath been
Save to be glad and keep himself from sin.
 Neither let man to knowledge make pre-
 tence,
But joy in labor for his portion win.

SCROLL IV.

OPPRESSORS.

I.

When to my meditations I returned,
Under the sun oppressions I discerned.
Behold the tears of such as are oppressed!
To comfort them my heart within me burned.

II.

Oppressors in authority were dressed:
Therefore I praised the dead which are at rest
More than the living which are yet alive.
Better, who hath not lived, nor evil guessed!

III.

Then I considered all for which men strive:
Lo, they that thrive not envy them that thrive.
The fool in idleness his hands will fold,
Eat his own flesh nor keep himself alive.

IV.

Better with quietness a handful hold,
Than, both hands full, and yet be unconsolated.
What joy in labor will the rich derive
Who vex their spirits but to gather gold?

THE MISER.

I.

I saw but vanity under the sun :
Then I considered further . . . There is one,
Alone, who hath no second, neither child
Nor brother, and no labor doth he shun.

II.

With heaping riches are his eyes beguiled.
Whom hath he fed? what neighbor reconciled?
Neither saith he: This only have I done:
I have bereaved my soul and am reviled.

UNION IN LABOR.

I.

Two laboring together have reward :
For if one falleth, fainting on the sward,
The other lifteth him upon his feet.
Work without fellowship is work abhorred.

II.

If two shall lie together they have heat.
Yea, two a strong oppressor may defeat :
Not quickly broken is a three-fold cord ;—
Therefore is brotherhood in labor sweet.

THE MULTITUDE.

I.

A king, grown old will let no man advise:
Better a child from prison, poor and wise.

One cometh out of poverty to reign:
One, born a king, will no possessions prize.

II.

Then I considered all that seek for gain,—
The second ones that in their stead obtain:

They come, they go, of men there is no
end—

They that have been and they that yet remain.

III.

They also that come after, they who rend
The robe because one dieth,—even his friend

Who did rejoice in him and praise ordain,
Shall, with the multitude to death descend!

SCROLL V.

THE PLACE OF WORSHIP.

I.

Go to the house of God, yet keep thy feet
From seeking out the most exalted seat.

Be thou more ready holy things to hear
Than to give sacrifice of oil and meat.

II.

Fools offer sacrifice and nothing fear,
Not knowing they are evil. Draw thou near
To God, but not with hasty utterance:
He is in Heaven: do thou on earth revere.

III.

So let thy words be few: Shall one advance
By multitude of words? Or, if perchance
Through multitude of business one shall
dream,
Can a fool's prophecy God's word enhance?

IV.

Hold not thy vows to God in light esteem:
If thou defer to pay them thou shalt seem
Even as the fools in whom no joy He hath.
That which thou owest pay: thy vows redeem.

V.

Better thou shouldst not vow than suffer scath
Because of lies! Let truth attend thy path.

Forbid thy mouth to cause thy flesh to sin
Lest God destroy thy labors in His wrath.

VI.

Lo, dreams and divers vanities have been!
But think not thou thy flesh from death to win.
All are cut down as weeds in time of
math.

Fear God: be clean without and clean within.

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

I.

When to oppress the poor the proud agree,
And in a province wicked judges be—
Perverting judgment, overthrowing right
With violence, be certain God doth see.

II.

Higher than they His ministers of light,
Who in His courts the griefs of men recite,
Yea, higher than the highest one is He
Who overlooketh judgment day and night!

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

I.

The earth for every man doth profit yield,
The king himself is servèd by the field.
 Who loveth silver is not satisfied
With silver, though he hath great store concealed.

II.

He that abundance loveth, having tried
Earth's luxuries nor been of aught denied,
 Desireth more and cannot be at peace
Till all be spent and poverty abide.

III.

And if, by any chance, men's goods increase
They are increased that eat them: What release
 Have they from toil? What pleasure do they gain
Save the beholding? How shall sorrow cease?

IV.

Whether the laboring man eat or refrain
His sleep is sweet: but they who have domain
 Sleep not. Behold, this is an evil sore
That any, to their hurt, should wealth retain!

V.

Riches kept for their owners are no more
Than hurt to him who gathered in the store.

His son is born with nothing in his hand,
Because of evil travail gone before.

VI.

Naked he came for whom the swaddling band
Was ready,—naked still, at Earth's demand,

Shall he return and carry nought away,
This also, is an evil in the land.

VII.

He, that hath labored for the wind, will stay
No longer than the wind. Lo, every day—

While sorrow, sickness, wrath he must
withstand,—

He eateth bread in darkness and dismay!

HAPPINESS.

I.

Behold, this have I seen and understood!
For one to eat and drink and take the good

Of all his labor, this is man's estate.

Yea, and to dwell with men in brotherhood.

II.

God giveth each his portion soon or late:
If one have wealth and riches without rate,
 So let him eat and drink even as he should:
Remembering little, for his joy is great.

SCROLL VI.

POSSESSIONS NOT ENJOYED.

I.

Under the sun an evil I have found :
One man for wealth and honor is renowned,—
All that his soul desired he hath achieved :
Yet are his days and nights with sorrow
crowned.

II.

He perisheth—his hunger unrelieved ;
A stranger eateth what his hands received.
Evil is this disease : that one abound
Whom of his power to eat God hath bereaved.

LIFE WITHOUT HONOR.

I.

If any man not good shall live on earth
And, after, have no burial—wanting worth,
Though he an hundred children should be-
get
Better than he is an untimely birth.

II.

He cometh in with vanities beset.
Under the sun walketh in darkness yet,
 Laboreth not, delighteth not in mirth,
Departeth and his name all men forget.

ONE PLACE FOR ALL.

I.

Yea, though he live a thousand years twice told,
A fool will never any good behold!

 Do not all men go to one place at last,
As sheep that shepherds drive into the fold?

II.

To labor for the mouth and yet to fast,
Knowledge to win, yet no event forecast,

 Even so it is with all. The poor and old
Who nothing have, in nothing are surpassed.

WALKING BY DESIRE.

I.

Better are seeing eyes than wandering feet.
Men, walking by desire, vexation meet.

 Is not man known? Can he his Maker
 cheat,
Or yet contend before the judgment seat?

EVIL AND GOOD.

I.

Seeing that things do vanity increase
And till his death no man may find release,
 In what is he the better? Let him eat,
Enjoy his portion and abide in peace!

II.

Who knoweth what for man is good and meet
All his vain days,—the bitter or the sweet?
 What shall be after him when life shall
 cease—
Spent as a shadow in the time of heat?

SCROLL VII.

A GOOD NAME.

I.

Better than precious ointment a good name;
More sweet than spikenard is a just man's
fame.

Glad was the day in which the man-child
came;
More glad the day of death, if without shame.

WISDOM IN SORROW.

I.

Better is grief than feasting: Go thy way
Unto the house of mourning,—there survey
The end of all mankind: for it is well
The living to his heart this truth should lay.

II.

Sorrow excelleth laughter: None may tell
What hour he also with the dead must dwell.
By sadness of the countenance, the heart
Is turned to God that did from Him rebel.

III.

The wise man chooseth still the better part,
But if, within the house of mirth, thou art
 Among the fools, better than song shall be
The wise rebuke that woundeth as a dart.

IV.

As crackling thorns, under the pot, set free
Their sparks that straightway into darkness
 flee,
 Even so the laughter of the fool doth start;
And all his works with vanity agree.

PATIENCE UNDER OPPRESSION.

I.

Oppression maketh mad. Who shall with-
 stand
By wisdom the despoilers of the land?
 Lo, gifts destroy the heart! Wouldst
 thou befriend?
With recompense of labor fill the hand.

II.

Than the beginning better is the end.
Better to bear with patience than contend;—
 To stoop and toil beneath the weary load,
Than, proud in spirit, scorn the neck to bend.

III.

Let not the evil deed to anger goad :
In the fool's bosom seeds of anger sowed
 Bear thorns for harvest. Be thou wise in
 wrath
Lest God destroy thee from His high abode.

IV.

Say not: Behold the world great sorrow hath
Which was not so before! Men suffered scath
 Aforetime even as now: Lighten their
 load;—
For them and for thyself make smooth the
 path.

WISDOM A DEFENCE.

I.

Wisdom is good with an inheritance
For by it there is profit, if perchance
 Men see the sun, nor blindly make pre-
 tence.
How shall they miss the way who so advance?

II.

Wisdom is a defence and a defence
Is money, being gained with innocence.

But wisdom giveth life and maketh great.
Therefore is knowledge full of excellence.

III.

The work of GOD consider; Lo, thy fate
Is in His keeping! Who can make that
straight

Which He hath crooked made, or aught
destroy
Before His time for making desolate.

IV.

Be thy prosperity a time of joy:

But if adversity thy thoughts employ,

Consider: God hath knowledge when to
bless:

Nor will the gold endure without alloy.

V.

There is that perisheth in righteousness.

There is that liveth long and doth oppress.

Be thou not wise nor righteous overmuch,
Lest thou destroy thyself and nought possess.

VI.

Nor overmuch be wicked. See thou clutch
No neighbors' goods; nor with thy finger touch
Things that defile, even as the foolish
would :—
Before their time to die sin slayeth such.

VII.

Thou shouldst take hold of this, for it is good.
Fear GOD and live with all in friendlihood.
Yea, also, not from this withdraw thine
hand :—
They shall come forth who evil have withstood.

VIII.

Strengthened with wisdom a wise man shall
stand
Against ten chosen men—a mighty band
From out the city. Though a man be just
He cannot say: No evil have I planned:

IX.

For all do sin and in their folly trust . . .
Hear not the words that curse thee lest thou
must
One of thy very servants reprimand,—
Through whom thy curses were as arrows
thrust.

SEARCHING FOR WISDOM.

I.

This have I proved by wisdom. Though I
said:
I will be wise, yet wisdom from me fled.
Lo, that which is far off, exceeding deep,
Who can find out and bring to light instead!

II.

As one who seeking wisdom, cannot sleep
I did from sloth my nights and mornings
keep:
That I the reason of all things might
know,—
Why men in folly sow, in madness reap?

III.

Than death more bitter that enticing foe
Whose heart is snares and nets; who reacheth
so
Her hands, as bands they girdle men
around,
As for that woman's house, therein is woe!

IV.

Who pleaseth God escapeth: They abound
Whom she hath snared. Behold, this have I
found:

Among a thousand counting one by one,
One man of grace, for purity renowned!

V.

Among a thousand women found I none.
My soul found only this when all was done:
God made men upright,—yea, with beauty
crowned!
But after strange inventions they have run.

SCROLL VIII.

THE KING.

I.

Who as the wise man, by considering,
Can give interpretation to a thing?
Wisdom will make the countenance to
shine
Change his bold face,—thereto all meekness
bring.

II.

The oath of God regarding, be it thine
To keep the king's commandment nor incline
To hasten from his sight. Stand thou not
in
With evil men when they his hurt design.

III.

He doeth what he pleaseth and wherein
He hath transgressed who may rebuke the sin
Or any punishment to him assign?
The wise discern when judgment should begin.

SENTENCE DELAYED.

I.

Because to every purpose time is set
And till his season judgment halteth yet,
Therefore the misery of man is great,
For lack of knowledge doth despair beget.

II.

No man hath power to bid the spirit wait
Till he shall death desire: nor with debate
Arrest the falling sword. And in that war
Is no discharge,—all share the self-same fate.

III.

Neither shall wickedness deliver nor
The fear of God. Builder and counsellor
Shall perish with whatever is begun,—
The laborer and that he labored for.

IV.

When I applied my heart, that which was done
I saw: yea, every work beneath the sun.
If one will rule, cometh a season when
He ruleth to his hurt, beloved of none.

V.

The wicked who had come and gone again
From where the place was holy, saw I then
Buried, forgotten where they so had
wrought,—
Their strength put by that was the strength
of ten.

VI.

Because a sentence rendered is not brought
To speedy execution, seeming nought,
Set to do evil are the sons of men:
And innocence is sold and judgment bought.

JUDGMENT MIS-APPLIED.

I.

Though one do evil many times nor cease
From doing evil and his days increase,
It shall be well with them, I surely know
That fear the face of GOD who giveth peace.

II.

But with the wicked it shall not be so,
Who fear not GOD nor yet in wisdom grow:
Neither shall man himself his days pro-
long,
That as a moving shadow come and go.

III.

This is a vanity: Amidst the throng
There be just men who will not compass
wrong.

It happeneth to these whom none condemn
As they were wicked men—oppressors strong.

IV.

Again there be who dip the garment's hem
In guiltless blood nor any evil stem:
As they were righteous even from their
birth,
Honored they dwell within the tents of Shem.

V.

Then I perceived the beauty and the worth
That shall abide: Men have upon the earth
No better thing than this, GOD giveth
them—
To eat and drink! And I commended mirth.

THE WORK OF GOD.

I.

When I applied mine heart to know aright
(For there is ONE that neither day nor night

Hath rest, nor seeth slumber with his
eyes),
The work of God was hidden from my sight.

II.

For whether He doth bid the mountains rise
Or bringeth clouds or maketh broad the skies
Or spreadeth out the sea or giveth light,
It is His work: therein is no man wise.

SCROLL IX.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I.

For I considered: There is no man great:
Righteous and wise, the works their hands
 create
Are in the hand of God. What shall be-
 fall—
Perceiving not—they cannot love nor hate.

II.

For one event coming alike to all,
To righteous and to wicked, great and small,
 Clean and unclean,—them that bring sac-
 rifice
And them that lead no ox from out the stall.

III.

To them that swear and swear not, that en-
 tice
The hearts of men to evil with a price.
 Madness is theirs: at last they, stumbling,
 fall
Among the dead, with whom is no device.

THE END OF ALL.

I.

For there is hope of one who liveth yet :
A living dog, should any foe beset,
Is better than a lion that is dead.
How should that carcass any fear beget?

II.

The living know the measure of the bed
Where they shall lie, but they that sleep in-
stead
Can know not anything nor have reward.
They are forgotten as the worm they fed.

III.

Also shall they whose hearts were in accord
And they who hated, lie beneath the sward,
One in corruption, to corruption wed.
None to another saith : My king and lord !

JOY IN LIFE.

I.

Yet go thy way and eat thy bread with joy,
Yea, drink thy wine with merriment ; employ
Thine hands in service, at thy lord's be-
hest.
God will accept thy works nor thee destroy.

II.

White as the snows of Hermon be thy vest;
Let not thy head lack ointment of the best.

Live joyfully with her, thy chosen wife:—
Thy labor shall be sweet and sweet thy rest.

III.

Better than sword or sacrificial knife,
The tools of labor,—neither stirring strife,
Nor causing grief nor giving babes af-
fright.

War not and be thy fields with plenty rife.

IV.

And since thou knowest not when death shall
smite,

Do what thou hast to do with all thy might:

For in the grave is neither hope nor life
Nor work nor understanding nor delight.

TIME AND CHANCE.

I.

Then I returned and saw under the sun
Not to the swift, what time the race is run,

But to the steadfast—toiling span by
span:
Nor to the strong the battle that is won.

II.

The wise lack bread; riches forsake the man
Of perfect understanding: Neither can
The skillful one get favor in his need.
All happeneth by chance,—there is no plan!

III.

Man knoweth not his time nor giveth heed.
As fishes that are taken where they feed
In evil nets, as birds where fowlers ran
To set the snare,—so men whom follies lead.

THE REWARD OF WISDOM.

I.

This wisdom have I seen that seemeth great:
There was a little city; to its gate
A great king came who did encamp there-
by,
Determining to make it desolate.

II.

Therefore, besieged with bulwarks great and
high,
The few therein might not that host defy.
Now did one, poor and wise, deliverance
plan,
And saved the city,—nor did any die.

III.

While they rejoiced their wine as water ran,
Howbeit none remembered that same man!
Humble and poor, in misery he died.
Yet he is wise who doeth what he can.

IV.

Then said I: Only wisdom shall abide;
Strength is to age and feebleness allied:
Not less the poor man's wisdom men de-
spise,
And, without listening, his words deride.

V.

In quiet heard, the sayings of the wise
Are more than his who ruleth men with cries
And shoutings from the palace-porches
wide,—
Destroying good and slaying men with lies.

SCROLL X.

THE WISDOM OF DISCRETION.

I.

Dead flies will make the precious ointment
stink.

So one of whom no man doth evil think,
Will for a little folly honor sell,
And mix with bitter herbs his daily drink.

II.

A wise man's heart guardeth his right hand
well.

The evil heart that prompteth to rebel
At the left hand will guide the fool astray,
Who, that he is a fool, to all will tell.

III.

And if the ruler whom thou shouldst obey
In spirit rise against thee, see thou stay;
For yielding pacifieth all offence:
Nor do thou to his charge thy folly lay.

IV.

Yet evil have I seen proceeding thence :
Folly is set in dignity from whence
The rich are thrust ; servants on horses sit
And princes walk, nor any gifts dispense.

V.

He that for other men doth dig a pit,
Shall, as a stumbling ox fall into it.
Whoso doth break a hedge, him serpents
bite :
Nor shall the Judge his punishment remit.

VI.

Whoso removeth landmarks from the sight,
With his own field his neighbors to unite,
Shall suffer hurt thereby ; one cleaving
wood
Shall be endangered : set thine axe aright.

VII.

And if he whet not iron as he should
Then must he put more strength to make it
good.
Wisdom is profitable to direct,—
Against the sharpened axe no tree hath stood.

VIII.

Surely unless enchantment take effect
Serpents will bite, nor any man respect :
So is the babbler when he babbleth lies :
None may from slanderers himself protect.

IX.

Gracious the mouth of him whose words are
wise :
One, knowing nought, much evil may sur-
mise ;
A fool himself will swallow with his lips,
That so his foolishness he may disguise.

X.

Even as one who in the darkness trips,
Mischievous madness doth his mind eclipse :
And also he is full of words,—a man
Can nothing find, who in that water dips.

XI.

What shall be after him whose life began
In folly, and who laboreth as he can,
Wearying all : on every path he slips,—
Which way to go he hath no wit to plan.

GOVERNMENT.

I.

Woe unto thee, O land, when for thy king
Thou hast a child! Then will thy princes
 cling
 As leeches, and the law of God trans-
 gress—
Eating all night: It is an evil thing.

II.

Blessed art thou, O land, whose long distress
Thy king, a son of nobles, doth redress:
 Thy princes, in due season banqueting,
Shall eat for strength and not for drunkenness.

NEGLECT.

I.

Though thou build greatly, so that all men say:
"It is a palace: here the princes stay,"
 Yet afterward be slothful, day by day
It droppeth through and all its beams decay.

FEASTING.

I.

A feast is made for laughter; yea, and wine
Increaseth merriment. Thy guests assign
Each to his place; and if the cost be thine,
Money will answer all. Eat nor repine.

THE WISDOM OF SECRECY.

I.

Not even in thy thought curse thou the king,
Nor in thy chamber whisper anything
Against the rich man: lest a bird take
wing
Carry thy voice and all the matter sing.

SCROLL XI.

CHARITIES.

I.

Cast bread upon the waters, go thy ways
And thou shalt find it after many days.
 With seven, with eight divide, lest God
 decree
A time when thou shalt faint, with none to
 raise.

II.

If clouds be full of rain, they as a sea
Empty themselves on earth; and if the tree
 Fall to the North or South, in that same
 spot
Whereon it falleth, there the wood shall be.

III.

He that the wind observeth, soweth not.
He that regardeth clouds the winds begot
 On high, shall reap not that which hath
 been sown.
Can man their purpose and their path allot?

IV.

What is the spirit's way thou hast not known:
Nor how, one being with child, the bones are
 grown
 Within the womb. With God alone is
 power,—
Howbeit His works to thee He hath not shown.

V.

Sow in the morning, in the evening hour
Thine hand withhold not: Cometh heat or
 shower,
 Yet here or there the harvest shall be
 mown.
Thou knowest not whether this or that will
 flower.

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

I.

Truly the light is sweet. When night is done,
It is a pleasant thing to see the sun.
Live many years, rejoice in all: But none
Shall count thy days of darkness, one by one!

JUDGMENT TO COME.

I.

Rejoice, O young man in thy youthful days,
Let thy heart cheer thee,—still on folly gaze:
Walk in the vision of thine eyes and be
Content with vanity and foolish praise.

II.

But know, for all these things God judgeth
thee:
Therefore put sorrow from thine heart and see
The evil of thy flesh. Be all thy ways,
For them that follow, from the pitfalls free.

SCROLL XII.

THE SPIRIT.

I.

In youth remember thy CREATOR now
While evil days come not nor sayest thou:
 I have no pleasure in them: Neither sigh:
What good remaineth? God hath stripped the
 bough.

II.

Or ever yet the evil years draw nigh,
Or sun or light or moon within the sky
 Be darkened not, nor clouds return again
After the rain, what time the clouds went by.

III.

The keepers of the house shall tremble when
The day approacheth and the mighty men
 Shall bow themselves; then shall the
 grinders cease:
Those at the window shall be darkened then.

IV.

Doors shall be shut and in the streets be peace:
None at the grinding shall the meal increase:

He shall rise up when the bird's voice
doth call,—
From that commandment shall be no release.

V.

They that love music—yea, her daughters
all!—
Shall be brought low; and also they that fall
Along the way, afraid of what is high.
Fears shall confront and dangers shall appall.

VI.

The almond tree shall flourish nor deny
Its bitter fruit. The grasshopper shall lie
A burden on the breast; desire shall fail:
Yet he perceiveth not that he must die.

VII.

Because a man, stricken in years and frail
Goeth to his long home, the mourners wail
About the streets and none with them con-
dole.
Against that foe what weapon shall prevail?

VIII.

That which is broken cannot be made whole.
Turn thou or ever God require thy soul,

Or loose the silver cord that bindeth fast
Spirit with flesh, or break the golden bowl,

IX.

The broken pitcher by the fountain cast,
The wheel beside the cistern: At the last
Dust shall return to earth,—thou to thy
goal.
God gave to thee a spirit,—this thou hast.

THE PREACHER.

I.

Behold the vanity of vanities—
The folly and the sum of secresies!
For all is vanity, the Preacher saith:
Moreover he was wise in mysteries.

II.

That he might solace one who laboreth
All day and in the evening sorroweth,
The people—yea, the poor!—he sought to
teach.
Counsel is sweet and knowledge comforteth.

III.

Them to refrain from sin he did beseech.
With words acceptable, their hearts to reach,
 He set in order proverbs old and new—
That they should render justice each to each.

IV.

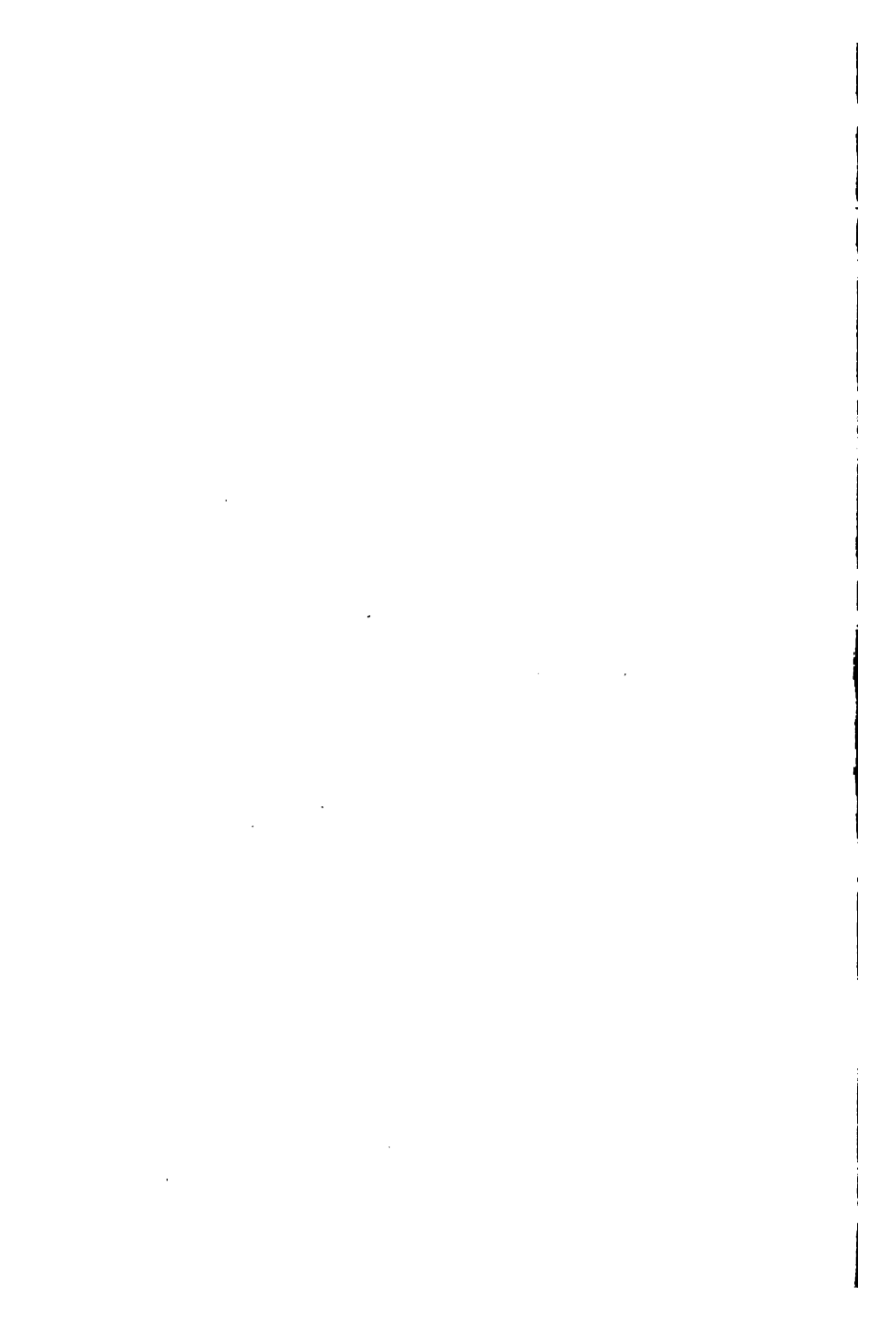
Wise words as goads with valor men imbue:
They are as nails, fastened when builders hew,
 That, by the master of assemblies thrust,
(Given from one shepherd!) keep the timbers
 true.

V.

My son, be thou admonished: Folly must
Be taught of wisdom:—Be thy sayings just.
 Of making many books there is no end.
Study is weariness,—for flesh is dust.

VI.

Hear the conclusion of the matter: Spend
Thy days with GOD; He only doth befriend.
 Men to that Judge must every secret trust,
Whether the work be worthy or offend.



DELIVERANCE.

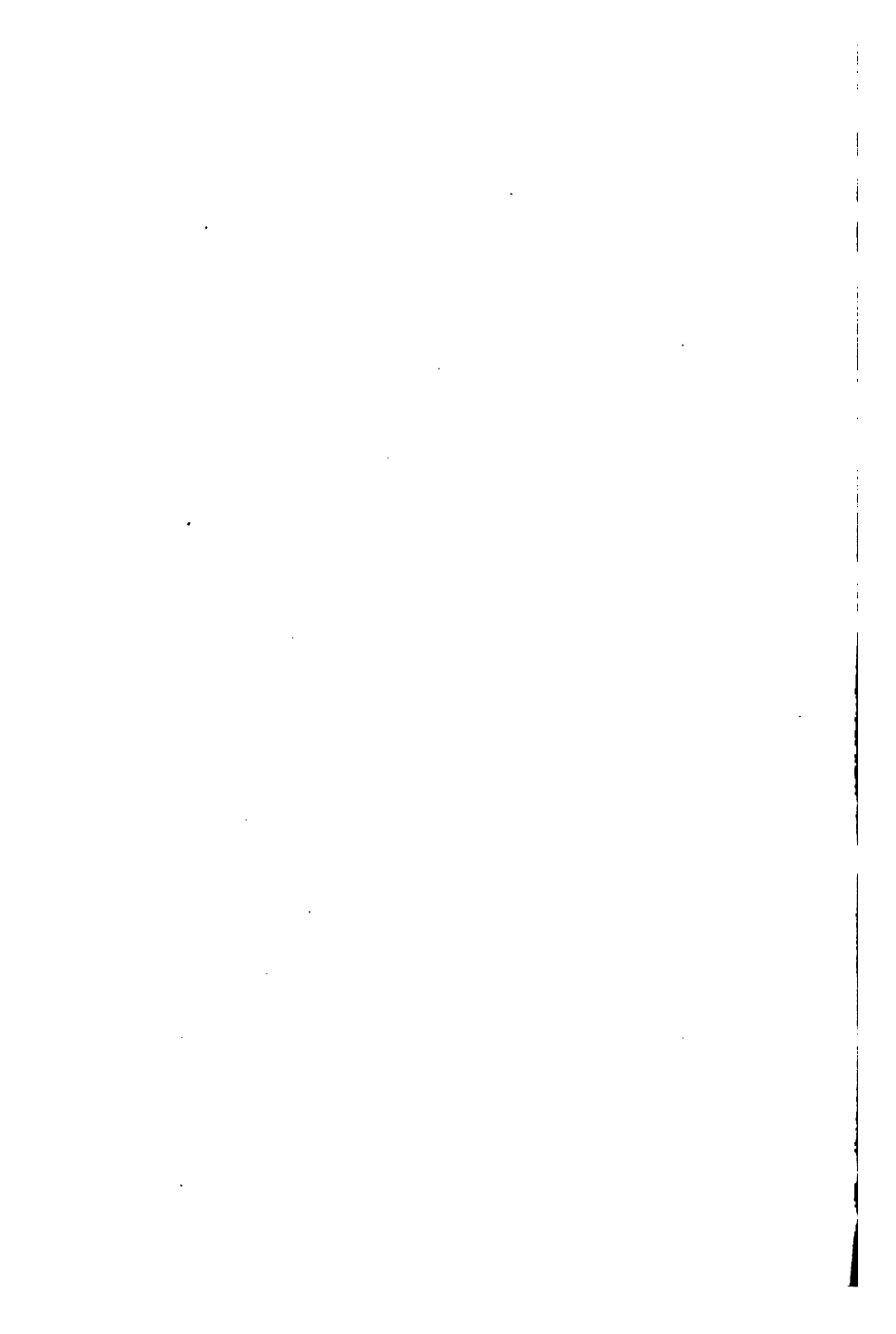
*Prefatory: Addressed to Francis F. Browne, Editor
The Dial; Poet, Critic and Friend.*

I.

*Strange weeds the ocean-paths redeem
Me-seems of Summer flowers they dream,
And tremble with desire to share
That glory of the orchids fair
That have no bitterness to dree.
They are as poems yet to be,
Whose haunts may none but poets guess.
Or if, on sandy reaches bare,
Futile and frail and blossomless,
Washed clean of salt, the red they wear
By any wonderful decree—
As fountain naiades, possess
A faint, elusive loveliness—
Not one shall with the rose compare!*

II.

*Belike, where never billows swell,
With monsters of the deep they dwell,
Glimmer in phosphorescent light,
Nor know of stars and spaces white.
Yet, by some whirlwind, black of blee,
Whose mighty arms take up the sea,
Mayhap they shall be lifted high,
For great deliverance none too slight,—
Borne through the all-embracing sky
Where rush the raptured spirits bright
That out from battle-trenches flee,—
Cast down, in golden light to lie,
Dimly to dream and sweetly die
And be, as poems, lost to sight!*



FROM A FAR CONTRÉE.

He lighted¹ and louted² and bent his knee
But never his visor uplifted he:
"Sweet Ladye—too sweet for a mortal to be—
So please you, mount blithely and ride with
me."

They paced where the knights held the tourney
great,
(The swords in their hands were a leaden
weight!);
They rode till they rode through the postern
gate:
None saw them returning or soon or late.

Said one: "He came out from a far contrée
"A lordlier Presence may no man see."
One vowed him a king: But they all agree
That never his visor uplifted he.

And will she abide where the salt seas beat?
Sit high on a throne when the proud lords
meet?
Ride merrily forth on a palfrey fleet?—
Ah, waly³ and woe for the Ladye sweet!

[*Princess Charlotte: Heir to British crown:*
1796-1817.]

¹ Alighted. ² Bowed. ³ Alas,

THE LADY GWYNETH.

A Romance of Midland England. Fourteenth Century. Dialect preserved: Spelling mostly modernized.

Part I.

Was never one of mortal mold,
Withouten guile, save Mary's son.
Knight Eardwulf slew Earl Athelwold
Who had his lady's favor won.

Was never sinner woman-born,
That did not woeful penance dree:
Between the middle night and morn
A grimly dwarf did Eardwulf see.

A sullen goblin wild and wight,
With mantel red and gleaming mail:
I trow it was his wone to fight
And cause the sons of men to quail!

"Rise up, rise up fromward thy bed,
Rise up straight-forth and come with me;
For thou shalt be my thrall," he said,
"A thousand fathom under sea.

"Before the forge there shalt thou swink,
To shape the sword for treacherous deed,
The tears shall salt thy draffy drink
And thou on horrid flesh shalt feed."

"How gat ye leave my soul to slay
And drag me down with fiends to den?"
"Oh, thou hast long forborne to pray
Or honor him who died for men!

"Thou are pollute with brother's death:
Ne didst thou keep thy marriage-oath,
For thou wert false to fair Gwyneth
Or ever she had broken troth."

Uprose Knight Eardwulf from his rest,
In gloomy cote himself he dight,
Ne not with baldrick clipt his breast,
But gat him, groaning, with the spright.

It was not horse whilk they bestrode,
It was no beast of flesh and bone:
Withouten whip or spur he yode,
He neighed as he were Satan's own.

A demon-creature shod with flame,
He strak the flint as he were wode:
A fire from out his nostrils came,
As coals his burning eyeballs glowed.

Most like the rollèd thunder-wain
That pounding of his mighty feet.
As one thrust through with mortal pain,
So did Knight Eardwulf loudly greit.

"O Mother Mary, virgin white,
Gif thou art queen of earth and sky,
Save thou my soul, defoulen quite,
Ere cursèd place it cometh nigh!"

Nathless did none that creature let :
Eftsoons earth shook and yawnèd wide.
Together all his hooves he set
And through the sliftered hill gan slide.

Oh, dreary, dreary was the way
Down to the goblin's prison-pen!
Well deep and steep it went astray,
All slippy with the blood of men!

And dolesome, dolesome was the din
Up-roaring from the pit foreby :—
I wis, all men had fearèd sin
To hear yon earthling clepe and cry!

Oh, he hath left the flowery haunt,
The fresh, green herb, the silvern strand,
And he must herd with demons gaunt
That hurl the scathly levin-brand!

And he with girning elf must carp,
Full oft the hell-born creatures feed;
And he must forge the weapons sharp
That maken goodly knights to bleed!

"Ye wilsome spright, now tellen true
Gif long I tarry here and yearn!"
"Oh, thou shalt bide till welkin blue
With sun at middle-night shall burn!

"And thou shalt bide till grisly Death
Is starven in his castle-keep;
And thou shalt bide till false Gwyneth
Shall come and on thy bosom weep!

"And thou shalt bide till Athelwold
Hath won meek maiden Mary's smile,
Hath gotten armor all of gold
And kissed the man withouten guile!"

Part II.

Oh, sweet the holy chaunterie
Where masses oft bin said,
And sweet the breath of Charitee
Out-praying for the dead!

Full sweet when service-bells do ring
The voice of monk and nonne:
"Kyrie Eleyson!" so they sing:
"Have mercy, Mary's son!"

And veray sweet the love, I weet,
Our lady hath for all:
But Jhesu's love is honey-sweet,
That saveth great and small!

Hath dured a year, a weary year,
A twelf-month and a day,
Syn Athelwold, with sundered spear
For-cleft in combat lay.

Syn low he slept in dim chapèlle,
Most pityful to see!
Ne heard the noise of clanging bell
Wherefrom the devils flee.

His weapons good beside him put,
Disturbed nought his rest,—
The fire and earth at head and foot,
The salt upon his breast.

About his froren body stood
The waxen candles white:
While monks upheld the holy rood
And prayed from morn till night.

Ah, knight so brave, to lie in grave,
Unhouseled, slain in ire!
Ah, save him, Christ, who died to save!—
How must he feel the fire!

A bitter year, a rueful year,
Gwyneth, on bended knee,
Hath called on Mary-mother, dear,
Whose prayers mote set him free.

Each morn her flesh the scourge hath felt
And she hath fasted oft,—
For penance worn the thorny belt
To hurt her body soft.

Gif haply she aggrace might win,
Hath slept on jagged scree:
Now she is cleansed of her sin
And houseled worthilee.

Upon the cross where Jhesu hung
Oh, she hath sworn well,
To wake this night the dead among,
All in the lone chapelle!

And she will pray for Athelwold
Asleep beneath the stone,
And she will pray for Eardwulf bold
Wherver he may wone.

Deep in the middle of the night—
Was neither moon ne star :
Gan shine a great and dredely light—
High up it was and far.

As though a-thwart the welkin wide
God's hand a sun had whirled,
So did that selcouth dawn abide,—
It raught from sky to world.

Rolled off the carven stone that lay
Full long on knightly breast !
As he had slept but yesterday,
Rose up the dead from rest.

Stood up from stead of shrouded bed
The ghostly Athelwold :
“Laud be to Mary's son!” he said,
“That is so sweet and bold !

“Within my breast a living breath
He breathyd soft and deep :—
Stark-starven lyeth grisly Death
All in his castle-keep !

“Long in the furnace did I burn,
Long time in anguish greit,
For that I wedded wyf did turn
With counsail evil-sweet.

"Algates I heard amid the din
From goblin-land foreby,
Where they must wrawle that nurse sin,
Knight Eardwulf weep and cry.

"And now he prayed to Mary maid
And now did long for death,
And now—sore-shent with demon-blade
He namyd fair Gwyneth.

"This hour was stalwart angel sent,
And he was blithe and grand,—
Me out of hellish trap he hent,
And griff of devil's hand.

"O lady, thou hast gotten grace!
Rise up from bended knee;
Go thou, and seek that wretched place—
Deep-delven under sea.

"Lead up that poor, mis-happy knight,—
Him cheer with wyvely kiss.
Gif he with wrothful elf must fight,
I shame to bide in bliss?"

Oh, holy-sweet the chaunterie
Where oft the mass is said,
And sweet the heart of Charitee—
That beateth for the dead!

Full sweet to hear at dawn of day
The voice of monk and nonne:
"Christè Eleyson?" do they say:
"Thou crucifièd one!"

And sweet the love that bendeth knee
Above the buried breast:
But they, that for the living dree,
Sweet Jhesu loveth best.

Part III.

So ugsome bin the fiends of night,
So terryble and swart of blee,
They haten sight of hallowed light,
From sound of blessèd bell they flee.

Yet in their Dismal, well I ween
Is One whose love can never sleep.
Gif He should make them fair and clean,
For joy the savyd souls would leap.

The lady girdeth for the quest;
Claspeth the beads Knight Eardwulf gave;
Hideth the rose within her breast
He gatheryd from a martyr's grave.

She steppeth out, she peereth far :—
It is a fearsome night and black :
Beholdeth neither moon ne star,
Ne fire of marsh ne glow-worm track.

She turneth South, she turneth West,
She turneth to the North Contrée :
Across some hidden mountain's breast
A blood-red road she gins to see.

Good sooth their courage must not fail,
Who follow Mary's dearworth son !
I wis it is some devil's trail,—
Yet will the lady walk thereon !

Alas, she listeth harrying feet
Of wolves on wold and wastorel !
Loud scritcheth many a demon fleet
That hath his wonning deep in hell.

Across the sky a wind doth roar ;
Ne in its bed will ocean keep :
A frightsome wave doth burst a-shore
And over heath and hillock sweep.

Against her heart the waters beat,—
The lady suppeth bitter brine ;
From out the lift a spiteful sleet,
Fell-cruel, stingeth face and eyne.

Nathless she telleth rosarie,
Her precious rose she guardeth well :
Brave as Saint Winifred is she,
Whom neither prince ne sword might quell.

Thrice-blessèd Jhesu heareth prayer :
The Eagre rolleth back a-pace ;
Bloweth a soft and gentle air
As she were in some flowerie place.

Oh, sikerly, the far chapèlle,
With blissful wights is throngèd full !
Loud, loud doth ring the beaten bell
With never mortal nigh to pull !

Me-seemeth Mary, throned a-height,
Her contrite daughter loveth well :—
Agasted flee the fiends of night ;
They enter at the doors of hell.

Fore-nenst that rift bin set the cross :
Black, black the doors a-low that lead !
Who follow there must tholen loss ;
I wis, of many wounds they bleed !

Soothly Gwyneth hath gotten grace !
She entereth in where demons strive :
They hurl them over head-long place,
No villainie they durst contrive.

Abhorreth she to wander down
From happy hearth and castle-tower,
From holy shryne and busy town,
From meadow green and bird in bower.

Up-cometh many a noise of dread :—
Within the cloven mountain pent,
Her heart is heavy as the lead,
Sharp rocks her tender flesh have rent.

Her belt of thorn hath fallen free;
The rose is from her bosom caught;
Gone is her blessèd rosarie—
Each bead of holy olive wrought.

Weepeth the ladye: "Gif to-night
"I perish here in derneful stead,
Knight Eardwulf, toren from delight
Must bide till trump shall wake the dead!"

Deep-groaneth she and maketh moan:
"Thou HOLY GHOST whom all do fear—
Disdaining not in Hell to wone—
Help me to save mine husband dear!"

Beameth a glory overhead
Her steep and perilous path to show:
Uneath a ruddy light doth spread
From where the roaring forges glow.

Oh, she hath crossed that brig o' sand
That spanneth Satan's pitchy lake,
And she hath won to goblin-land,
Ne will, for all its horrors quake!—

Hath passed where loathly beasts abound
(On spilth they feed of battle bold!)
And that unseely knight hath found
That slew the gentle Athelwold!

With many tears him kisseth she,
She holdeth fast his grimy hand:
"O husband, thou must come with me
To smell the flowers of Engle-land!

"Thou shalt be fed on wastel-bread—
Ne drink wroth-hail with cursèd spright.
That precious blood, on Calvary shed,
Will flow a-fresh to wash thee white!"

Quoth wicked goblin, dour and grim:
"Though Mary's self should deave mine ear,
Or ever she should loosen him,
His heart should feel the stithied spear!

"Forth get thee up to Christen strand!
But gif thou shrink the coals to tread,
Or gif thou sink through brig o' sand,
Thou'rt mine till trump doth start the dead!"

"O Dwarfie, smearèd with the rud!
I gess, before ye ravyned here,
Ye well were drunken on the blood
That did not spill from wolf or deer.

"I rede ye seek the pitying ONE!
Mayhap, full riche in goodly-head,
He pardoneth even elves for-done,
Gif they repent their murders red:—

"Sithence they too are fallen men,
And He is still their loving LORD.
But this, mine husband, well I ken
Mine houseled soul his life shall ward!"

Oh, they have crossed the stenchy land,
Where flaming beasts unquenchèd lie,
Have trodden many a hurlèd brand,
Nor gotten any hurt thereby!

About her knight the lady sweet
Hath lockt her arms lest he should trip,
And they have crossed, with flying feet,
That brig where-through the guilty slip!

But oh, the steep and sliding scarp!—
Nathless tway thewy hands most white,
Y'thrust with cruel nails and sharpe,
Upliften them from height to height.

The whiles a tendre voice they hear :
"Gif that in soothfast love ye keep,
True knight and lady lief and dear,
In Heaven ye shall my lilies reap!"

Oh, they have spied the singing bird
That springeth up at break of day;
And they the sweet, sweet bell have heard
That calleth Christen folk to pray!

Have seen the smoking censer borne
Where singers worship Mary's son:—
"Christè Eleyson!" still they mourn;
"Save us, thou crucified one!"

And they have kneleden hand in hand
Well savyd from the wrack of hell:
God keep His herd on everie strand
From treacherie and murder fell!

White, white the doors that upward lead,
And white bin they that pass thereby;—
Snow-white the pitying ones that bleed
Lest any sinful soul should die.

But who so wonderous white as He
That wonneth with the demons deep?
When He hath made them bright of blee
I trow, for joy, they loud must weep!

Withouten ween He loveth all:
But aye shall faithful man and wife
With Mary walk in snowy pall,
With Jhesu break bread of life.

GLOSSARY.

- Agasted—Aghast.
 Aggrace—Grace.
 A-height—On high.
 Algates—Always.
 Baldrick—Belt for weapons.
 Bin—Plural or pp. of be singular.
 Blee—Complexion, appearance.
 Brig—Bridge.
 Chaunterie—Chapel for masses.
 Clepe—Call for aid.
 Christe Eleyson—O, Christ, have mercy.
 Dearworth—Most precious.
 Derneful—Solitary, mournful.
 Dight—Dressed.
 Dismal—A noun, signifying hell.
 Disturbed—Disturbed.
 Dour—Unyielding.
 Draffy—Filthy.
 Dredely—Inspiring awe.
 Dree—To suffer.
 Eagre or Eygre—A great tidal wave.
 Eftsoons—Quickly.
 Foreby—Very near.
 For-cleft—Cut through.
 For-done—Ruined.
 Fore-nenst—Over against.
 Froren—Cold, frozen.
 Gif—If.
 Girning—Grinning as with a snarl.
 Goodly-head—Goodness and beauty.
 Greit—Weep.
 Griff—Grip, grasp.
 Grimly—Ferocious.
 Grisly—Terrible.
 Harrying—Roaming for prey.
 Hent—Snatched.
 Houseled—Having partaken of the Lord's Supper.
 Kyrie Eleyson—O, Lord, have mercy.
 Let—Hinder.
 Levin-brand—Lightning.
 Lift—Sky.
 Lief—Kindly.

Nathless—Nevertheless.
Nursle—Nurse, cherish.
Pall—A coronation robe.
Quell—To kill.
Raught—Reached.
Rede—Advise.
Rud—Thick gore, blood.
Scarp—A steep slope.
Scathly—Hurtful, deadly.
Scree—Rough pebbles.
Scritch—To shriek wildly.
Selcouth—Miraculous.
Shent—Slashed, cut.
Sikerly—Surely.
Soothly—Truly.
Soothfast—Loyal.
Sliftered—Riven, split.
Spright—Goblin; disembodied spirit.
Stark-starven—Stripped and dead.
Starven—Dead.
Stead—Place.
Stithied—Forged upon an anvil.
Swink—Toil.
Swart—Black.
Syn—Since.
Tholen—To suffer.
Thunder-wain—Thunder-wagon.
Ugsome—Revolting, hideous.
Uneath—Underneath.
Unseely—Utterly miserable, wicked.
Wastel-bread—Made of finest wheat flour.
Wastorel—Waste land.
Whilk—Which.
Wilsome—Obdurate.
Wight—a—Nimble (n.), a spirit.
Withouten ween—Doubtless.
Wode—Mad.
Wone, n.—Wont, custom.
Wone, v.—To dwell.
Wonning—Dwelling, abode.
Wrack—Destruction.
Wroth-hail—Converse of wassail.
Wrawle—To wail as a cat or panther.

KANSAS BIRD SONGS.

A MOCKING-BIRD.

I.

Yon mocking-bird that singing soars,
Borrows his little music-scores
And mimics every piping tone
By sylvan lovers lightly blown
To make his morning gladness known,—
Till down that molten silver pours,
Globule on globule, fast and faster :
Dare any blame the blithe tune-master
Who counts all minstrelsy his own?

II.

But daylight ended,—then indeed,
As jet by jet a wound will bleed
His very singing self breaks through!
Even so (lost Eden shut from view),
Some wildered soul to sighing new,
When human lips first touched the reed—
Heart-pierced with rending love and sorrow—
Breathed notes too god-like sweet to borrow.
So, poet, shall it be with you.

The Century Magazine.
Twentieth Century Classics.

THE THRUSH.

I.

Through half a June day's flight
Upon the prairie, thirsting for the showers
The cactus-blooms and prickly poppies
white,
The fox-gloves and the pink-tinged thimble-
flowers
Drooped in the Lord's great light.
Now suddenly, straight to the topmost spray
Of a wild plum-tree (I thereunder lying),
Darted a thrush and fied his roundelay
Whimsey on whimsey, not a stave denying.
Quoth I: "From regions measureless miles
away,
"He hears the sougning winds and rain-clouds
flying;
And gathering sounds my duller ears re-
fuse,
He sets the rills a-rush
This way and that to ripple me the news
(Right proud to have his little singing say!),
And brings the joy to pass with prophesying."
So gladly trilled the thrush!

II.

Soon was I made aware
Of his small mate that from the Judas-tree

Dropped softly, flitting here and flitting
there,
And would not seem to hear or seem to see.
He, in that upper air,
All mindful of her wayward wandering,
(Primrose and creamy-petaled larkspur bending
And yellow blossomed nettle, prone to
sting!),
Shook out his red-brown wings as for descend-
ing
But lightly settled back, the more to sing,
"O bird!" I sighed, "thy heedless love befriend-
ing
"With that celestial song-burst—whirling
swift
As Phaëton's chariot-rush!—
Should my dear angel's voice so down-
ward drift
Quick would my music-lifted soul take
wing!"
Now had earth's happiest song a heavenly end-
ing,—
Sped, with his mate, the thrush.

The Century Magazine.

THE PURPLE FINCH.

I.

While lurked the coyote in his root-bound bur-
row,
Through haunts of the hare and the badger
gray,

Where never the share of a plow turned fur-
row,
I, gathering silk-flowers, went my way.
Wide-rimmed were the trumpets of sil-
ver blue,
Their slim tubes slipping out wet with honey :
Thence blown by the winds through the
spaces sunny,
White butterflies high as the elm-tops
flew.

II.

The ground-squirrel under the elders scam-
pered
Or wheeled to show me his gold-brown bars :
Not I with the eggs of the pedee tampered,
Nor caught the green beetles that blazed like
stars,
The shy, scarlet birds where the low
boughs meet
Looked out and went on with their whistling
merry,
Till down came the finch from the sun-burnt
prairie,
And silenced them all with a chanson
sweet.

III.

So secret is he, not a boy discovers
That home he has built for the nestlings dear;
So softly he carols, the hawk that hovers
Intent upon murder, can hardly hear.
Now trimming his crimson in coverts
dim,
Now perching wherever his mood was
suited
He sang in the sumac velvet-fruited,
Or sprang to the oak of the twisted limb.

IV.

Till "Higher! mount higher!" I cried, "dear
pleader:
The sum of delights shall be granted thee!"
Therewith, from the height of the one dead
cedar,
The linnet sped out like a soul set free.
Ah, why need the souls of the blest fly
far!—
Pure honey the humming-bird moth went
sipping;
Pale gold was the sky where the sun was
dipping;
Came out the new moon and a great,
white star!

The Century Magazine.

CHE-WINK.

I.

Sing me another solo, sweet,—
I have learnt the one by rote;
The endless, merry-go-round repeat
Of the tuneful, tender, teasing note:
 “Che-wink! che-wink!”
 Che-wink! che-wink!”
A moment’s rest for the tired throat—
Just long enough for a heart to beat—
And at it again: “Che-wink! che-wink!”

II.

O, bird, dear bird with the outspread wings
And little to chant about!—
When death reaches over the wrecks of things
To stifle the soft, delighted shout:
 “Che-wink! che-wink!”
 Che-wink! che-wink!”
And, all unruffled by dread or doubt,
Your musical mite of a soul up-springs,
Will you still go crying: “Che-wink! che-
wink?”

III.

Little I know, but this I hold:
If the rushing stars should meet,—
Their crystal spheres into chaos rolled,
Let only this one pure voice entreat:

“Che-wink! che-wink!
Che-wink! che-wink!”
Great LOVE would answer the summons
sweet
And a universe fresh as the rose unfold.
So at it again: “Che-wink! che-wink!”
The Century Magazine.
Twentieth Century Classics.

THE RED-BIRD.

I.

Blithe bird of the beautiful plumage—bred
Where cottonwoods, tossing their branches,
shed.
Their seeded snows on the mossy bed—
Did you dip your wings in that crimson tor-
rent,
When the dragon of Anarchy, all abhorrent,
Came over the border . . . and Kansas bled?

II.

When wolves went prowling—each out of his
den,
When Pawnee and Kaw hid their squaws in
the glen,
While down from the West rode the fierce
Cheyenne,—

Did you frighten those braves with your school-
 boy whistle?
 For they fled, as they came, over poppy and
 thistle,
 Nor murdered the babes of the white-faced
 men.

III.

Be the weather never so cold, we hear
 Your voice in the tree-tops, trombone-clear:
 "Come out in the bitter!"—"Now what do
 you fear?"
 But ever your challenge, bright trumpeter va-
 ries:
 "Come hither!"—"Come hurry!"—"Come see
 the green prairies!"
 "Wild roses!"—"Primroses!"—"Blue
 vetches!"—"S-o n-e-a-r!"

IV.

A Kansan I knew who was dear and brave;
 He lived but to cherish,—he perished to save.
 Unworthy was I of the love he gave:
 But flit where he marched over hill and hollow,
 I would rise and follow—would follow—
 follow,
 To hear you chant on a soldier's grave.

V.

Sing on, lovely warbler of thicket and plain!

“Was never a martyr who sorrowed in vain!”

“O, hark!”—“He is sending His rain!”—

“His rain!”

“He will load with corn all the wharves and
ferries!”

“But first he will sweeten the nettle-tree ber-
ries,

And comfort his birds with the golden
grain!”

ABIGAIL BECKER.

Written by solicitation of Capt. E. P. Dorr, of Buffalo, N. Y., who had previously been the means of securing, for Mrs. Becker, a gold medal from the N. Y. Life-saving Society, a gift of \$1,000 from Buffalonians, and a grant from the Canadian Parliament of \$1,000, in land. Mrs. Becker, a Canadian, was by descent half Scotch, half German, of gigantic stature (6 ft., 2 in.), and possessed of a magnanimity only equaled by her bravery. This poem, originally published in *The Century Magazine*, was soon after incorporated into the Canadian High School Reader, and is also to be found among American Selected Recitations. The narrative is exact in all its details.

A. T. J.

Wreck of the Schooner Conductor, off Long Point Island, Canada West, near Buffalo, Nov. 1853.

The wind, the wind where Erie plunged
Sou'west, blew, blew from land to land.
The wandering schooner dipped and lunged,—
Long Point was close at hand.

Long Point—a swampy island-slant,
Where, busy in their grassy homes,
Woodcock and snipe the hollows haunt
And muskrats build their domes.

Where gulls and eagles rest at need;
Where, either side, by lake or sound,
King-fishers, cranes and divers feed
And mallard ducks abound.

The lowering night shut out the sight:
 Careened the vessel, pitched and veered;
Raved, raved the wind with main and might,—
 The sunken reef she neared.

She pounded over, lurched and sank:
 Between two sand-bars settling fast
Her leaky hull the waters drank,
 And she had sailed her last.

Into the rigging, quick as thought,
 Captain and mate and sailors sprung,
Clambered for life, some vantage caught
 And there all night they swung.

And it was cold, oh, it was cold!
 The pinching cold was like a vise;
Spoondrift flew freezing,—fold on fold
 It coated them with ice.

Now when the dawn began to break,
 Light up the sand-path drenched and brown,
To fill her bucket from the lake
 Came Mother Becker down.

From where her cabin crowned the bank
 Came Abigail Becker, tall and strong.
She dipped and lo! a broken plank
 Rode rocking close along.

She poised her glass with anxious ken :
The schooner's top she spied from far ;
And there she counted seven men
That clung to mast and spar.

And oh, the gale! the rout and roar!
The blinding drift, the mounting wave!
A good half-mile from wreck to shore
With seven men to save!

Sped Mother Becker : "Children! wake!
"A ship's gone down! they're needing me!
Your father's off on shore! the lake
Is just a raging sea!

"Get wood, cook fish, make ready all!"
She snatched her stores, she fled with haste,
In cotton gown and tattered shawl,
Barefoot across the waste.

Through sinking sands, through quaggy lands,
And nearer, nearer, full in view,
Went shouting through her hollowed hands :
"Courage! we'll get you through!"

Ran to and fro, made cheery signs,
Her bonfire lighted, steeped her tea,
Brought driftwood, watched Canadian lines
Her husband's boat to see.

Cold, cold it was, oh, it was cold!
The bitter cold made watching vain:
With ice the channel laboring rolled,—
No skiff could stand the strain.

On all that isle, from outer swell
To strait, between the landings shut,
Was never place where man might dwell
Save trapper Becker's hut.

And it was twelve and one and two
And it was three o'clock and more:
She called: "Come on! there's nought to do
But leap! and swim ashore!"

Blew, blew the gale; they did not hear.
She waded in the shallow sea,
She waved her hands, made signals clear:
"Swim! swim! and trust to me!"

"My men," the captain cried, "I'll try:
"The woman's judgment may be right;
For swim or sink, seven men must die
If here we swing to-night."

Far out he marked the gathering surge;
Across the bar he watched it pour;
Let go and on its topmost verge
Came riding in to shore,

It struck the breaker's foamy track:
Majestic wave on wave up-hurled,
Went grandly toppling, tumbling back
As loath to flood the world!

There blindly whirling, shorn of strength,
The captain drifted, sure to drown;
Dragged seaward half a cable's length,
Like sinking lead went down.

Ah, well for him that on the strand
Had Mother Becker waited long!
And well for him her grasping hand
And grappling arm were strong!

And well for him that wind and sun
And daily toil for scanty gains
Had made such daring blood to run
Within such generous veins.

For what to do but plunge and swim?
Out on the sinking billow cast,
She toiled, she dived, she groped for him,
She found and clutched him fast.

She climbed the reef, she brought him up,
She laid him, gasping on the sands,
Built high the fire and filled the cup,—
Stood up and waved her hands!

Oh, life is dear! The mate leaped in:

“I know,” the captain said, “right well,
“Not twice can any woman win
A soul from yonder hell!”

“I’ll start and meet him in the wave.”

“Keep back!” she bade. “What strength have
you?”

“And I shall have you both to save,—
Must work to pull you through!”

But out he went. Up shallow sweeps
Raced the long white caps, comb on comb:
The wind, the wind that lashed the deeps,
Far, far it blew the foam.

The frozen foam went scudding by,—
Before the wind, a seething throng,
The waves, the waves came towering high!
They flung the mate along.

The waves came towering high and white,
They burst in clouds of flying spray;
There mate and captain sank from sight
And clinching, rolled away.

O, Mother Becker, seas are dread,
Their treacherous paths are deep and blind!
But widows twain shall mourn their dead
If thou art slow to find!

She sought them near, she sought them far;
Three fathoms down she gripped them tight:
With both together, up the bar
She staggered into sight.

Beside the fire her burdens fell:
She paused the cheering draught to pour,
Then waved her hands: "All's well! all's well!
"Come on! Swim! swim ashore!"

Sure life is dear and men are brave:
They came, they dropped from mast and
spar;
And who but she could breast the wave
And dive beyond the bar!

Dark grew the sky from East to West
And darker, darker grew the world:
Each man from off the breaker's crest
To gloomier deeps was hurled.

And still the gale went shrieking on;
And still the wrecking fury grew,
And still the woman, worn and wan
Those gates of death went through!—

As Christ were walking on the waves
And heavenly radiance shone about,
All fearless trod that gulf of graves
And bore the sailors out!

Down came the night, but far and bright,
 Despite the wind and flying foam,
 The bonfire flamed to give them light
 To trapper Becker's home!

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet,
 And sweet is rest in hut or hall!
 One story Life and Death repeat:—
 God's mercy over all!

Next day men heard, put out from shore,
 Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find
 Seven gallant fellows sick and sore,
 A tender nurse and kind;

Shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy glad!
 Cried: "Never yet on land or sea
 "Poor, dying, drowning sailors had
 A better friend than she!

"Billows may tumble, winds may roar,
 Strong hands the wrecked from death may
 snatch,
 But never, never, nevermore
 This deed shall mortal match!"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head;
 She blushed as girls when lovers woo:
 "I have not done a thing," she said,
 "More than I ought to do!"

The Century Magazine,

SEA-TROUT.

I.

Blithe young fishermen were they
Who many a chantey knew.
Their snow-sailed shallop crossed the bay
As a flower cast forth to drift astray;
But one would wed on the coming day
And they were a merry crew.

II.

Bride and bridesmaids full of glee
Stood laughing by the gate:
"Their lines shall riot far and free,
Shall capture your beautiful tribes, O, sea!
And rich at night will the bridegroom be,—
Returning slow and late."

III.

"Rise, O, trout, from the hollows cold
Where quinnat and red fish hide!
All out of the wonderful deeps cajoled,
And out of the dim sea-gardens trolled,—
The groom shall buy from a purse of gold,
A ring for the happy bride."

IV.

Out on the sea was a squall at play
 (The winds no merriment lack!);
And there was a shallop caught astray,
As a flower it drifted into the bay
The singing fishermen, where were they?
 For only the boat came back!

V.

Where was the glittering wealth foretold—
 Cajoled from under the sea?
Away with its beautiful tribes it rolled!
Where, rich with the salt, its flowers unfold,
There fin of silver and scale of gold
 Are rioting far and free!

The Continent.

INTERLUDES.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

My little wife's a world too sweet
For such a man as I am :
But she's a Trojan—hard to beat
As Hector, son of Priam !

A winsome, wilful morsel, she :
Brought up to grace a palace,
She ran away to marry me,—
Half love, half girlish malice.

She never has repented though :
We built a cot in Jersey :
She wore delaine and calico,
And I wore tweed and kersey.

So great our love it bridged across
Whatever might divide us.
However went the gain or loss
We *felt* as rich as Midas.

I helped her with the brush and broom
Her morning labors aiding :
She followed to the counting-room,—
Made out my bills of lading.

And once, when sick of chills I lay
She balanced up the pages;
Did all my work from day to day,
And brought home all my wages.

Then I was just a shipping clerk,—
Old firm of Graves and Gartner :
Till, after long and weary work,
They took me in as partner.

So year on year went gaily round
While we grew rich and richer,
Until, in every spring we found,
We dipped a golden pitcher.

When Gartner left, grown old and lame,
I bought him out completely;
Made wife a partner; changed the name
To Wheatly, Graves and Wheatly.

A silent partner? Not at all!
With genius more than Sapphic,
She improvised—that lady small—
The poetry of traffic.

And, flitting through our offices,
With word and smile admonished :
“We’ll work no metamorphoses
To make a lie look honest.”

Meantime the business grew and grew
With not a cloud to daunten :
Till wife, who wanted tea like dew
Sent me a-drift for Canton.

No sooner was I well at sea,
Than with a whirl insanic,
Down came that flood of seventy-three,
And shook the world with panic.

Then many a house as strong as life
Was caught and torn asunder :
Till Graves came trembling to my wife
And said : "We're going under !"

Wife saw the gulf but kept her poise ;
Disposed of plate and raiment,
Sold all her jewels (but the boys !),
And met the heaviest payment.

So Graves and she, with work and wit,
With care and self-denial,
Upheld the firm,—established it
The surer for the trial.

Through all the strife they paid the hands
Full price,—none saw them falter,
And now the house, rock-founded, stands
As steady as Gibraltar.

But wife keeps with us, guards us through
Like Miriam watching Moses;
She drinks her tea as pure as dew
And sells it—fresh as roses!

Yes, she's a Trojan! Hard to beat
As all the sons of Priam:
But bless you! she's a world too sweet
For such a man as I am!

The Continent.

A LOVER TO HIS LADY.

I.

This earth was never so fair and sweet
So merry and sweet before,
Since glaciers wasted away with heat
And nestlings learned to soar.
Since the orchis blew and the palm-tree grew
And the balm its blood-red blossoms bore.

II.

For where was Love when the land was new?
He swam with the reptile then,
With the auroch roamed, with the vulture
flew
And woned in the lion's den.

Till straight to the light he sprang in flight
And sang his way to the souls of men.

III.

Since then, my Queen, there is no more
 night:
 Whenever the day seems done
 Some lover goes scaling the crag-built height
 And tells of a dawn begun:
Goes mounting afar from cloud to star
And loud and long he laughs in the sun.

IV.

They throng the heavens, so many they are—
 Those earth-born lovers true,
 Who planted the vine by the salt-sea bar
 And the fig where thistles grew;
Who cleared the fen and the cave-bear's den,
 Who drove out the wolf and the tiger slew.

V.

We also delve in desert and glen,
 We labor in sun or sleet;
For Love, that wonnes in the hearts of men,
 Will have his world complete
With the fig-tree and balm, with the rose and
 palm,
Till it grows forever and ever sweet!

VI.

Dear Heart, when whirling winds grow calm
And seas have fallen asleep,
When hills are holy with harp and psalm
And roll of harmonies deep,
When the blest earth cries to the frownless
skies
And down its cliffs hears the answers leap,

VII.

When beasts are gentle and men are wise
And Love has had his will,
When the angels look through all disguise
And laugh to find no ill,
True lovers will gaze on the flowery ways
Where now but a barren heath we till;

VIII.

And calling: "O, ye, of the olden days
Who set these lilies a-row!
Is Love more sweet where the twelve suns
blaze
Than Love in the world below?"—
They shall hear us far from our own fleet star:
"More sweet! more sweet! climb hither and
know!"

EPITHALAMIUM.

I.

For the dawning of Love, lo, a universe waits!
The blush runs up higher, the darkness
abates;
Out strikes a white arm bursting wide the red
gates
And purple runs down through the
heather:
Over all, while the happy seas laugh
Far flashes God's heliograph:
"Be ye wedded and travel together!"

II.

Now long be your journey, O, bridegroom and
bride!
Be the peace of your spirits whatever betide
As the peace of still waters where lilies abide
That fail not the winters to weather,—
As the peace of fair Sharon, so blest
When the Master at noon-day took rest
Where the brooks ran in shadow together!

III.

Press on through green valleys if so it may
chance,
Over hills where each cataract hurls a white
lance,

Across the crevasses where glaciers advance,—
To climb or to halt who knows whether?
Then back through the snows
Where the eidelweiss blows
And you find a warm shelter together.

IV.

Lightly pass where the dark prophets dwell in
their caves
Wailing: "Dread will it be when the hurricane
raves!"
"Look out for the torrent! its death-dealing
waves,
Are as tigers, no mortal can tether."
Laugh out: "At their will let them leap:
"Love is lordlier still,—we shall keep
Afloat while we ferry together."

V.

Never heed the small souls you will happen to
meet,
Complaining: "Alas! there is cold!"—"There is
heat!"
"You must tread the sharp rocks, they will tor-
ture the feet!"
Laugh on: "Let them cut through the
leather:
"And, if we must clamber unshod,
It will be of the goodness of God
That we clamber full sweetly together."

VI.

O, hearken! Such music of speech you shall
hear,—
Voices, echoes of voices all crying: "Good
cheer!"
And clasping small fingers eternally dear,—
Care floating away as a feather,
You will lovingly answer the call:
"Merry cheer! come and feast one and
all;
Let us breathe the world's rapture to-
gether."

VII.

But the MASTER is certain to summon His
own;
And one will be taken and one left alone:
Your late-budding roses will wither unblown,
With the low, purple bells of the heather.
They will blight, they will shrivel and
fade:
But deep in the safety of shade
Their roots search for sweetness together.

VIII.

Ah, the one that is left—slipping out from dis-
guise,
Will hear the loved voice crying: "Sweetheart,
arise!

"There is dew on the grass, there is light in the
skies,
There are shouts between upper and
nether;
'Speed hither, O, bridegroom and bride
Immortal!—who says ye have died?
High as heaven come journey together!'"

THE CHILD.

I.

How long shall the child be yours
To cherish and hold
With a tenderness all untold—
The dimples, the lovely contours,
The infantile, exquisite hues
Where the rosy and white interfuse,
The smile and the soul that allures?
Ah, who will dare venture to say:
"To-morrow shall be as to-day,
This sweetness forever endures?"

II.

How long shall the child be yours?
From the sun out-rolled,
The earth in its orbit of gold,
Our light and our life secures

With a vigor that shall not lag
Till the wheels of the great sun drag
And chaos the glory obscures.
Yet who will have courage to say :
"Whatever else passes away
The planet forever endures?"

III.

How long shall the child be yours?
Through the night and the cold?
Oh, Love with an utterance bold,
The gladness and glory assures!
"The fashion of earth may pass
With the flower and the springing grass,—
The tomb all flesh immures :
But none shall be able to say
"The spirit is one with the clay
Whose darkness forever endures."

IV.

How long shall the child be yours?
When the heavens are rolled
As a scroll—all the stars being old,
And the fiat destruction insures.
Yet you and the child most sweet—
Angelic, of stature complete—
Will follow the heavenly lures
Hand in hand up the infinite way,
While singing, the seraphim say :
"Most holy is Love that endures."

"KING DAVID."

Prince Edward of York, aged five years.

(Written during the South African War.)

I.

"King David," whose sires, by the grace of
God,

Ruled more than a thousand years ago,
May number his years by the pendulum-rod
Swung merrily five times to and fro.

He is ready to wrestle or race or row
And he talks the talk of the sailors,—oh,
Not wicked, of course, but—rather odd!
A rollicking boy, by the grace of God!

II.

"King David" is young, by the grace of God,
He blinks at his forefathers all in a row:
The laddie, through wearisome books must
plod,—

Just think! such a long, white mark to toe,
Three steps away from a throne you know!
While over the ocean the swift ships go
And skies rain daisies on every clod!
Yet he laughs and he learns, by the grace of
God.

III.

"King David" will reign by the grace of God
When the tides roll in :—O tides, be slow !
Swing many a year, O swaying rod !
Ere, mightily bending his good cross-bow,
His knights by his side and the seas at flow,
He shall swear, as a true King must, I trow,
To cling to his heritage, every rod
And rule it a-right—by the grace of God.

IV.

"King David" is loved, by the grace of God,
Wherever the valorous Britons go ;
The walls of Jericho tremble and nod
When all together their trumpets blow !
Proud England, seeing the wounds they
show,
Out-weeping and smiling, murmurs low—
Full tenderly kissing the crimson sod :
"Ye are all my kings, by the grace of God !"

V.

"King David" is kin, by the grace of God,
To Jonathan's boys,—they fancy so :
They are hardly as meek as the man who trod
The mountain of Horeb long ago ;

But they care for their cousins, whether or
no;
And they call across while the great winds
blow :
"Sweet health to 'King David!' Peace hallow
the sod
Where the wise queen rules, by the grace of
God!"

The Youth's Companion.

BUGLER DUNN.

I.

O drummer-boy, nations have heard of your
fame!
The four winds went shouting and singing
your name:
It soared on the wings of a miracle-flame,
It flashed from Colenso to Dover:
A fire leaping out from the heart of the sun,
Went writing on clouds of the honor you won,
When under you trembled the earth Bugler
Dunn,
And chariots of battle rolled over!

II.

"We crossed the Tugela, the child in our van :
We held him back, thrust him back, man after
man :

A ball tore his arm but he laughed as he ran—
Changed hands, not a bugle-note wanting.

No peril could tempt him his duty to shun :
Twice-wounded, we send him to you, Sergeant
Dunn :

We all love our drummer,—be proud of your
son.

An army his merit is vaunting."

III.

Good sooth, you had only your guerdon to
claim!

"Now what shall I ask of the Queen in your
name?"

Said good Princess Christian, that bountiful
dame :

"Please to send me back soon?" Ah, you
rover!

So eager to dash at the Boer with his gun,
In front of your fusiliers, sharing the fun!
But turn round and love him, when fighting is
done,

And the thunders of GOD have passed over !

IV.

O lad of Colenso, long burn the white flame
That burst through the war-cloud revealing
your name!

Till boys, going downward to sorrow and
shame

Start back and look up at the wonder,—
Spring forward and follow you, facing the
gun,

Or gather green laurels at home, Bugler Dunn,
While over them flashes that fire of the sun,
And blue-bells and beauties bloom under!

VINCENT ARCHER.

I.

Great battles are won without sabre or gun:
Right well may a father rejoice in his son,
Who leaps out to play, when his duty is done,
Glad-hearted, defiant of evil!

He scatters good seed to the wind and the rain:
It roots in the stubble, it thrives on the plain,
It lives through the winter—snow flying
amain!

And God saves the wheat from the weevil.

II.

Behold then, my hero!—None blazoned his
fame:

Mayhap the white angel, recording his name,
Wrote plainly thereafter: "A soul without
blame."

Not ten years old, shy as a plover,
He knew about angels . . . His mother
was one!

He watched the boys rush to their game in the
sun—

"Come out," they all shouted, "and share in the
fun!"

He shook his head, blushing all over.

III.

If I were Apollo and played the great lyre
On Olympus, to all the bright gods and their
sire,

I would sing of the boy through a halo of
fire:—

Unselfish, devoted and tender.

To care for three children save him there was
none:

His part to make merry, no trouble to shun,

To comfort his father when labor was done,
All manner of service to render.

IV.

A-trundling the baby, for pleasure he came,
Two little ones tumbling and spoiling the
game—

Believe me his mother, where gates are aflame,
Called out to each heavenly rover;
Smiled proudly and sweetly: "Look! that is
my son!"

And you and I knew in our hearts every one,
[Their deep-seeing eyes were with tears over-
run,

Though they laughed with delight looking
over!

MAMIE'S KISSES.

[Mary Larned.]

I.

"Kiss me, Mamie!" so they teased her,
Every guest to laughter stirred.
But not one among them pleased her,—
Shy as any woodland bird.
Then they offered ribbons, dresses,
Watches, golden filagree:
Still she shook her sunny tresses—
Turned and smiled and came to me.

II.

"Ah," they said, "you little Tartar!
"Is your naughty will so strong?
She's a poet: will you barter
Mamie's kisses for a song?"
Now I hold that nothing worse is
Than to vex a child for fun;
So I said: "I'll write the verses:
"Will you kiss me, pretty one?"

III.

Then the little maid grew bolder,
Heeded not the mocking mirth:
Freely let me lift and hold her—
Daintiest creature on the earth!
Breath like winds the flowers caressing,
Soft lips lightly touching mine,
Left thereon for endless blessing
Kisses sweet as muscadine.

IV.

Now may earth and Heaven blending—
All below and all above—
Evermore her cause defending—
Bless the little girl I love!

What she wins or what she misses,
Love or sorrow, peace or strife,
Sweeter than her own sweet kisses,
First and last be Mamie's life.

*The Bright Side.**

A SMALL PESSIMIST.

SCENE:—Glen Elgin Falls, Lowth, Canada
West. Time, 1845.

I.

Three girls—little lovers of sunlight and rain,
Ran off to the hills in a flurry:

“Or else we might drown in the creek or the
drain,”

Said Miranda; “and look at that poisonous
crane!

“Folks say if he bites, you will die of the pain.
Let's go and get out of the worry.”

II.

We went till we found a red thorn-apple tree,—

Such apples no grocer could sell you:

Delicious to eat and enticing to see.

But Miranda grew solemn as solemn could be:

*A popular young folks' paper published by
John B. Alden previous to the Chicago fire,
and for a time edited by the Author.

"I shake like a leaf! I'm so scared!" whispered she;
"O girls, I have something to tell you!"

III.

"There's a Spirit that flies when the sky is all blue,—
You can't see a cloud if you try to!—
East, West, North and South, like the wandering Jew:
I have heard it so often I know it is true.
He is looking this moment for me and for you,
And there isn't a cave we can fly to.

IV.

"Take hold of my hands: I am all of a chill!
He's a terrible, terrible Spirit!
Folks say when he sees little girls on a hill
By a thorn-apple tree—if they've eaten their fill—
He comes and he kills them! We'd better keep still:
If we only just squeak he can hear it."

V.

Sobbed Dorothy Jane: "We could run if we tried;
"We are all of us quicker than weasels."
Then we leaped to our feet: "Let us run! let us hide!"

And we ran and we ran, for the world was so
wide,
Down the slope, through the hollow, across the
divide,
Right over the burdocks and teazels.

VI.

Now there was a factory down by the race,—
Alas, it is sixty years older!
Where we “handed in ends” (pray, was *that*
a disgrace?):
Up the stairs, to the belfry—oh, wild was the
chase!—
To the ridge-pole!—was ever so secret a place?
And there we sat, shoulder to shoulder.

VII.

“O, girls, let me tell you! It isn’t a lie,
It’s the truth,” said Miranda the tragic.
“If when you’ve been frightened (it’s easy to
try),
You can feel a pulse beating right under your
eye,
In just twenty minutes you’re going to die!”
And down fell the tears by some magic.

VIII.

Now this was too much for poor Dorothy
Jane:
“You may stay here and scare one another,
Or die if you want to!—nobody’ll complain.

You'll be bitten, I s'pose, by that poisonous
crane:
Most likely you'll all double up with the pain!
As for me, I'll go home to my mother."

IX.

"But we haven't—been—scared!" said Mi-
randa to me,
"So we're safe,—though I think it's a won-
der.
It was dangerous under that thorn-apple tree,
For the sky was so blue *any* spirit could see;
And painters and wolves could have eaten all
three.
Or it might have been—earthquake—or
thunder."

BEAUTY.

[For Catherine Manierre and Other Little
Ladies.]

In a lovely dream-garden Child Beauty one
day
Met Bliss, the Queen-Fairy whom dreamers
obey.
Said Beauty: "Come kiss me! and what shall
we play?"

"Let us play you are thinking, my dear,"
smiled the Queen:

"While I wave my light wand of the hazel-
tree green,
Whatsoever you think shall fly out and be
seen."

Beauty laughed and thought rainbows:—they
floated in light!
There was never a cloud, but they must have
been right,
For the pale city-children clapped hands at the
sight.

Then she mused about morning and what the
winds bring
When, rushing, they set the bird-cradles
a-swing,—
Toss the gauzy, slight insects nor tarnish a
wing.

Out came darning-needles, rich beetles and bees
(Caught wading in dusty gold up to their
knees),

Purple emperor-butterflies floating at ease,

And shining white mother-moths,—who could
guess where

They flew out or blew out to make people
stare?—

As you would and I would if we had been
there

Now who could be thinking out curious things
Forever?—with feelers and stingers and
wings?

Beauty thought little beggars (she *might* have
thought kings!).

They swarmed without number:—and ah,
they looked old,
Lean, ragged and wretched, lame, hungry and
cold!

They quarreled, they snatched, they were
saucy and bold!

Cried Beauty: “Dear Bliss, do not wander
away:

“All these will be angels, one beautiful day!
O, see! they *are* angels! Come back: let us
play!”

[*The garden! the garden!—Does any one
know*

*Where its rosemaries, balsams and eglantines
grow?*

To find it how far must a poor cripple go?]

COMING HOME.

A six-year's child I climbed the gate
All round the world to see:
"Oh, why does mother stay so late?
Where can she, *can* she be?"

I saw the pool as grey as lead,
Blue Iris near the brink,
The rough-railed pasture, sorrel-red,
The meadow, clover pink.

I saw the yellow sands where lay
My periwinkles brown,
Silver Cayuga wind away
And purple mists fall down.

I saw the flume, the waterfall,
The white and flying foam,
Yet missed the dearest sight of all,
My mother—coming home!

It surely, surely would be night!
The lady four-o'clocks
Unwound their silky ribbons bright,
Shook out their party frocks.

The miller-moth went high and higher,
Went round and round about;
The sun's broad face was red as fire
He was so tired out.

So down he sank behind the brush,—
I thought he dropped a spark,
Right after such a crimson blush
Ran kindling through the dark.

A spark, a blush, a smoky blaze
Began to creep and turn,
To climb and cling,—a hundred ways
To burn and burn and burn.

Oh, was it truly fire? I thought,
Or people of the air,
With mantles from the sunset caught
And fiery, floating hair?

My heart beat hard with fancy-fright:
"Should mother come that way,
And should they snatch her, hold her tight,
What would we, *would* we say?

"Their shiny cloaks, 'how far they blow!
They'll wind her round and round.
She'll never think, she'll never know,
She'll never hear a sound;

"Not even should we call and call,
They'll take her up so high!
They'll hide her, wrap her, burn her all
'Way through the blazing sky!"

Out gushed my tears—the silly child!
Such bitter grief I had:
First thing I knew, there mother smiled,
And all my world was glad!

O, mother! mother! thought is swift:
But, who would count the hours,
Since lightly blew that snowy drift
Right in among the flowers?

Ah, not so long ago—not long,
You passed the lowly gate!
I know your love is sweet and strong;
Why will you stay so late!

What use to me the grey and blue,
The rosy and the white,
The silks of Summer, fair of hue?
It surely will be night!

You, you I want! I call your name,
All round the world I see:
So whirled away in holy flame—
Where can you, *can* you be?

Hush, foolish one, heart-struck with fear!
The sorry thought let go.
You look so far, she comes so near,
Soft-smiling, still and slow!

Not rushing fires that skyward fling,
Though wide they be and wild,
Not Life nor Death, nor anything
Will keep her from her child.

Turn round and face the heavenly sight;
Spring to the loving breast!
O, sweet surprise! O, dear delight!
All kissed away to rest!

Goodform.

Poets and Poetry of Buffalo.

POSTLUDES.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

I.

Friendless and ragged and old
Wretched and wicked was I,—
A woman to harry and hate!
And if I had made so bold
As to seek for a place to die—
Open to all the sleet—
Dragging my black-bruised feet
Near to a rich man's gate,
His dogs had howled me away:
Aye, even on Christmas-Day!

II.

But vipers may crawl in the street:
That morning they let me stay
Not far from Trinity's door,
While the chiming bells did beat
And the proud went in to pray.
I heard the choir-boys sing:
"Glory to God our King!"
And the great-voiced organ roar:
"Their Christ is risen," I said,
"Mine sleeps forever instead!"

III.

"I have no spices to bring,
Nor oil on his feet to shed
Though an angel should lead me in.
However the glad chimes ring,
My Lord lies murdered and dead,—
Buried and makes no sign!"—
That moment a hand caught mine,
Forced open the fingers thin:—
In haste, as I turned my head,
The beautiful vision fled.

IV.

Lo! there—fire-tried and fine—
Lay gold for a half year's bread,
With a red rose fresh and sweet!
I answered the chant divine:
"He is risen! is risen!" I said:
"O, lift your heads ye gates!
For the KING OF GLORY waits!"
And my soul rose up to meet
The LORD of the hungry and cold,
The Christ of the wicked and old.

Goodform.

AT THE FORD.

The crossing washed with turbulent waves,
The footing slight, the sight a-strain:—
Is yonder isle the place of graves,
All dimly seen through pelting rain?

The spume has soaked my vesture through:
From stone to stone, with none to aid,
In haste my lampless cell to view,
I leap and will not be afraid.

Low rolls the nimbus overhead;
Sharp thunder breaks,—earth shakes with
noise;
Glitters that sheeted spectre dread
Whose lightest finger-touch destroys.

Let loose from every cloud at last
With tumult dire the fire-ghost flies.
And lo, the roaring torrent passed,
An open grave before me lies!

Though dank and dark and spaded deep,
I will not heed,—I need not care:
These fleshly senses cast asleep,
Their captive slipping from the snare.

O, subtle spirit, thou shalt be
Potent as heat and fleet as light,—
A storm-escaping splendor, free
To make the outer spaces bright;

To flash through inter-stellar ways
Where spins the host of ghostly suns:—
Long furnace-fined from mortal gaze,
They lure the feet of blessèd ones.

Dead! dead! where fell the lightning-stroke!
Their hoards, their homes, their hopes
a-dust;
The worlds whereon they dwelt a-smoke
And into formless ruin thrust,—

Oh, yet they build, they nothing lack!
No evil charms, no harms befall:
Nay! but for these the heavens were black,
Who, love-illumed, illumine all!

Flit forth, sweet sprite, to long delight:
Thou, too, shalt glow with holy fire;
Shalt traverse suns all spirit-white,
Whose dross-consuming flames expire;

Shalt soar through elemental jar
Where each in gloom his doom awaits;
Shalt guide the trembling loiterers far
And comfort them with delicates.

"A NEW COMMANDMENT."

[For Mary E. White.]

I.

"Children, love one another," One said:—

We climbing and clinging obey,
And whether we lead or are led

In His wonderful, beautiful way,

Up-looking we whisper and say:

"'Strait and narrow' yet wide as the day
Oh, wide as GOD'S love is this excellent
way!"

II.

Even so the archangels who stand

"In the midst" by His holy white throne,
Soared thither strong hand clasping hand,
Nor entered His presence alone.

Their thousands, of number unknown—

Every creature who laughs or makes moan,
Crying: "Worthy! Most worthy!" shall stand
by His throne.

COMFORTED.

"Eyes that have wept see clear."

E. B. Browning.

I.

Up I rose when the babe was gone!

"How shall my soul the silence meet?

How shall I—sick for the buried grace—

Cover the beautiful face and feet,

Yield to the night my flower of dawn?"

(The dews of the LORD are sweet!)

II.

Blew His winds till the skies were bare!

Under His Heaven four rivers run.

Saw I their foam on the dark shore
break—

Flake upon flake, each flake a sun;

O, my Belovèd, thy paths were fair!

(His night and His day are one!)

MADE MANIFEST.

I.

O, Master of the banquet, since we thirst,

Give us to drink according to our need!

Spilth of the vineyards when their full grapes
burst,

Rank juice of acrid herbs, or honeyed mead,

Or mountain-waters drained
Through fissured rocks from fountains un-
profaned:—

II.

Whether the draft be clear as innocence,
Turbid as drift of valley-scourging floods,
Purple as pools when battle-clouds are dense
And all is carnage, red as Judas-buds
That blushed with fear and shame
When, fain to die, sweet Jesu's murderer
came,

III.

Yet black at last shall be the hellebore!
Then shall we push all wide the jasper gate
And pass, disdaining Death:—Forevermore
Endowed with holy love and holy hate,—
Set free and unafraid
Of depth or height or any creature made.

V.

Ah, heed thou not our feeble, petulant cries!
Pour as we need, whatever we desire.
Thou didst for us, aforetime, span the skies:
There shall we track thee by the paths of
fire

Where-through, with thee, we came;
And weep and say "Our Father!"—void of
blame.

DOORS OF OLIVE.

I.

Oh, the palace hewn of stone
Pure as mountain snows,
Where the KING receives His own
At the daylight's close!—
Beams of cedar, olive doors,
Planks of fir to line the floors,
Chambers set in ivory towers,
Lavers wrought about the brim,
Carven-work of open flowers,
Palms and cherubim.

II.

Lo, the splendor of the sight
Where His beacon glows!
Thither, at the fall of night,
One came breathing woes:
Knocking at the outer gate,—
"LORD, behold me where I wait!
All about Thy fair abode
Hear the wandering lions roar:
Fear is on me as a load:
Open, LORD, the door!"

III.

Answered one: "Thy crying spare:
Should the door unclose,
Soldiers of the KING are there,
Arrows at their bows—
Set to pierce the evil heart:
How shouldst thou escape the smart?
If thou enter, child of shame,
Myrrh and mandrakes thou must bring;
Thou must name His very NAME:
Trouble not the KING."

IV.

Ah, the courts and porches white—
Pillars set in rows!
Ah, the roofs of silver bright
Clean as driven snows!
Sobbing: "LORD, behold I wait!
Wilt Thou not my grief abate?
Meet for lion's food am I;
Yet my sinking soul restore;
Bid me enter ere I die:
Open, LORD, the door!"

V,

"Nay," one cried: "Behold, the KING
"To His banquet goes!
Clusters of the grape they bring,
Soon the doors will close.

All their mid-day labors done—
Girt with robes of linen spun—
Here His sons and daughters meet.
Who shall mar their holy sport?
Yet, to hear their laughter sweet,
Wait thou by the Court."

VI.

Swells the music through the night,
As a sea it flows!
Bloom the windows, full of light,
Each a golden rose!
Sorely weeping: "LORD, I wait:
"I have heard Thy LOVE is great,—
Hear me in Thine House of Rest.
LORD, I love thee! Can I more?
Let me die upon Thy Breast:
Open, LORD, the door."

VII.

Answered still the voice: "Forbear!
"Who shall heed thy woes?"
In His banquet chamber fair
Then the KING uprose;
To the sacred portal came:
"One," He said, "has named MY NAME,—
At the outer gateway knocks,
Heedless of the lion's roar:"—
Set His hand upon the locks,—
Opened wide the door.

VIII.

Oh, the wonder of the sight!
Three by three in rows,
Stood the soldiers clad in white,
Arrows at their bows:
In their midst a crownèd ONE
Clothed upon as with the sun.
Who so lowly as the KING?
All the kisses of His mouth
Are like odors of the Spring
Blowing from the South!

IX.

Girt with rich pomegranate bowers,
Snowed upon with snows,
Olive doors in ivory towers,
Chambers of repose!
Boards of fir and cedar made,
Spread with gold and overlaid;
Lavers wrought with leaf and vine—
Lily-work from brim to brim;
Open flowers and carvings fine,
Palms and cherubim!

Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A CHRISTIAN.

[William Collins Jones, aged 66.]

I.

"Show us a Christian that we may believe,"—

The young men mocked. Then from their
midst one came:

"Lord, be it mine to win that precious name!
I love thee: wilt thou not my love receive?"

Answered that Prince of Peace: "Thyself be-
reave

That others may be fed; by furnace-flame
Thrice-heated earn their bread; suffer no
shame

To touch the innocent; for sinners grieve.

So wilt thou bring me gold without al-
loy,

Spices and pleasant fruits and wines
new-pressed.

To prove thy love, God will thy flesh
destroy,—

With pangs unutterable thy patience
test."

Then lifted he his voice and sang for
joy.

So passed that Christian . . . Oh,
to share his rest!

FIELD AND GARDEN.

FOOD-SEEKERS.

I.

A wide-winged butterfly,
Upon the white flowers of a bitter weed
Settled to satisfy his noon-day need.
Through sunshine far and high
His kindred wavered but he took no heed:
Pretty it was to watch his dainty greed.

II.

A wondrous beetle came—
All emerald green, save that upon his back
There blazed a mimic sun; and in his track,
Lured by the dazzling flame,
A lace-wing fluttered—purple, gold and black.
Of pleasure for them all there was no lack.

III.

Down dropped a bird that flies
Near to the clouds yet perches for his seed
And sings and sings God's little choir to lead.
I lifted up mine eyes:
"Dear Lord, Thy fragile creatures richly feed!
Content me, also, with Thy bitter weed."

The Youth's Companion.

Poets and Poetry of Buffalo.

THE SENSITIVE BRIER.

[A procumbent perennial, American genus *Schrankia*, found on the rolling prairies of Kansas and other southeastern states. Because of the exceeding loveliness and unsurpassable fragrance of its flowers, it is popularly known as *THE SENSITIVE ROSE*.]

I.

When sweetly breathed the budded rose
In new-made majesty and grace,
Did not the MASTER for a space
A holy stillness interpose,—
Forbidding any wind to brush
Her clasping petals? . . . Ere they stirred
While yet her whispered name, half-heard,
Sank silenced in that heavenly hush,
Did He not turn to fashion thee,
O, babe-like flower! and smile to see,—
Deep-musing on the Christ to be?

II.

Pales in thy woof the rainbow's red;
Her gold adorns the raveled veils
Where-through thy blessèd breath exhales;
Her lucid dewdrops are on thee shed.
So sweet! so sweet!—The beds of spice

Whereon our fair, first mother slept,
No daintier drops of honey kept
To feed the bees of Paradise.
Lo, where thy shrinking leaves retreat
At coming of the sinner's feet!
Yet will thy soft forgivings greet.

III.

Ah, if the Lowly One might pass
And yonder blowing roses all
Their fragrant loveliness let fall
To cushion smooth the thickening grass,
How would I haste thyself to choose
From all the pure! and lifting high
These most abundant blossoms, sigh:
"Thou who canst virtue give nor lose,
With whom the burdened ones find
rest,—
The while I touch thy seamless vest,
Gaze but on these and I am blest!"

Truth.

ONE OF MANY.

Behold a silver-glistening track
Across this freshet-furrowed sand,
Where crept a worm not long ago,
Straightforward, never turning back,

Discerning neither friend nor foe!
Called to uprear some temple grand,
Some miracle-work serenely planned—

World-masonry where all was wrack!—
This way he passed: And dragging so
His length (renowned for movement slack!),
Far as a spider's thread might blow
He many an inch of empire spanned. . . .
Not less the nestlings make demand,
For singing birds must nothing lack.
And worms are dull—oh, dull and slow!
But if he perished who can know,—
Or why he perished understand?

FLOWERS AND A WEED.

I.

In my garden there grew the Sweet-Pea, fair
to see!
Hardly sweeter in Eden can be
The scent of the blossoms that heal.
Wing, banner and keel guard and hold the fine
gold
That it will not reveal
Till you kneel and make search for the treasures untold,
While you reel
As you feel

How the pure odors steal
Through the brain with a subtle soft
 power
From the wee fairy-bower of the flower!
There my grave Salpiglossis, dear Quaker, did
 make her
A drab satin gown;
Yet could not quite keep the shy rose-color
 down
When the fleet breeze did shake her.
Flamed in red my Dianthus;
My long-tube Centranthus
Wore exquisite pink like the tint of a shell:
But she paled while you gazed, as refusing
 to tell
With too ardent a glow
What was throbbing below
In that virginal heart,—though you loved
 her right well!
And under
That wonder
The babe Gilia-tricolor sunned her;
Secure in blest innocence, creeping from
 shade,
Faced the LORD in His firmament, no-wise
 afraid!
And I said: "I will cede
 "To no vagabond weed,
An inch of the soil that the Beautiful need.
Let them march on the highways,
Or slink through the by-ways,—

Poor hoboes and beggars the world has
agreed.

*I think they are anarchists—dreadful of
deed!"*

II.

Saw you ever the green earth on fire with
desire

To be one with the things that aspire?

With the red-bird that burns as he flies?

With brave and bright spirits of grace,
cleaving space

On their way to the skies

Where the orbits of comet and star inter-
lace?

Even so

You will know

How Nasturtiums a-glow

Their manifold splendors up-bore

As flames when the furnaces roar.

Yet, engirt with those heats—vision-dazing,
out-blazing

The suns where they set,

Unhurt, cool with dew, dwelt my meek Mig-
nonette,

Rich in virtues past praising!

Near by, with her spices,

The Pink, that entices,

Sent many a blithe, honey-sipper away

Half-drunken, wing-heavy and reeling
astray.

Not the less, had a blight
Swept all these in the night,
Left them bloodless and budless, bent, sod-
den and gray,
One flower
In that hour
Had not needed to tremble and cower :
Oh, still had my garden a Paradise seemed,
While, fragrance-diffusing, my Violet
dreamed !
"They must die !" was my creed.
"Who my darlings impede !—
The Red-root, the Jimpson of poisonous
breed,
The Sand-burr you handle
With dread and that scandal
The yellow-faced Nettle that stabs till you
bleed !—
Each far-trampling, grass-trampling, Coxey-
ite weed !

III.

There my Heliotrope like a saint, death-faint
Feared that radiant azure to paint
Where Faith sees Love's mansion of rest ;
Yet for all her pale doubting did bear, un-
aware,
A Heaven in her breast ;
And we leaned and we longed in that
Heaven to share.

Be your quest
East or West
You will bid not a guest,
To your banquet of flowers, who will
dare
Wear the hues of my Phlox, past com-
pare:
As if sunrise itself had descended and blended
Its cinnabar-red
That fades, through all shades till the last
blush has fled—
In a snow-dazzle ended,
But as for my Pansies,
Though I tossed you the stanzas—
Chrysalides bursting with fancies more
bright
Than great August butterflies, basking in
light—
I could never report
Half the beautiful sport
Of their violet, crimson, bronze, orange and
white!
How bluing,
Imbruing
Their petals in purple, accruing
Elf-gold from the underworld vastness, they
hid
To keep safe from my murderous clutch
(oh, they did!),
Just one of that breed
To aversion decreed,

Out of muddy, low places crept in at his
need!

Nay! his wretched coat flaunting,

His poverty vaunting—

Up-stood with the lovely, their dancing to
lead,

That saucy, intrusive, small scamp of a
Weed!

IV.

Him I spied out at last—bending down with
a frown:

Behold, the bold brows of the clown

Wore the crown of a heritage true!

Flowers of heavenly hue—oh, he dared to
be seen

Jeweled only with dew!

Though here smiled an empress and there
laughed a queen

And he knew

The winds blew

Through his rags with a whew!

But out of those jewels shot sparks

As of planets that light up the darks

After sunset, when little ones, turning their
yearning

Wide eyes to the skies,

Discerning, say softly: "God's great angel
flies

"And sets His lamps burning!"

Ah, Nature, most loyal,
Proclaimed her tramp royal,—
His Most Serene Highness (ten titles be-
side!) :
Scoff not! lest the KING of all kings you de-
ride!
“Thrive here with the rest,
Honored, loved as the best;”
So I wept: “When I bloom where the Holy
abide,
“White-growing,
Peace knowing,
In God’s very presence out-blowing,
Should some of His Seraphim happen my
way
And see me—a sinner, yet crowned—they
will say:
“Lo, He suffers a weed
With His fair ones to feed!
All its poison drained out when He caused
it to bleed,—
With a tender, sweet daring,
Its firm roots up-tearing!
Now, set in His garden, what more can it
need?
For He loves it! He loves it! He planted
the seed!”

*Kansas State Social Science Federation
Booklet.*

DULCISSIMÆ.

SPIRIT OF BENEDICTION.

[Jane W. Kendall, Providencè, R. I.]

I.

Oh, Love must lay her viol down
To silence wed,
Wan Life put off her starry crown,
Lost earth forego all dear renown,
Beloved, if thou art dead!

II.

Thou wert the flower of friendliness,
Of tender ruth
That will not any evil guess,
Of charity that yearns to bless,
Of holy-hearted truth.

III.

Will God thy Heart of Hope deny,—
Slay Love's desire?
Lo, where thy pure dove-offerings fly!
Thine altar gifts with spikenard lie
A-smoke in fervent fire!

IV.

Sweet, when we pass as spirits may,
Through skies all clear,
Turn first, the face we knew, our way,
That we may weep for joy and say:
Behold, our friend is here!

V.

Then smile and all thine angel-grace
To us reveal:
So lead us to thy chosen place,
The while thy clinging arms embrace,
Thy lips our welcome seal.

Providence Journal.

AN EVANGELIST.

[Melissa Lendrum Johnson, Traverse City,
Mich.]

I.

Ah, lovely advocate of good,
Sweet pleader in the house of prayer,
Strong heart of gracious womanhood,
Wife, mother, neighbor—prone to share
Our griefs and half our burdens bear,—

II.

Frail helper of the tempest-tossed,
Who guided many a wandering soul
From desert ways by torrents crossed,
To where the healing waters roll
That make the loathsome leper whole,—

III.

Thou wert like Martha, serving much!
No less, like Mary, thou didst choose
The Master's seamless robe to touch,
Low at his feet to hear and muse
And all thyself in him to lose!

IV.

Beloved inheritor of grace:
Thou art uplifted now so far,
Thy lamp that lights celestial space
Shines as a new-created star
Where God's eternal glories are.

V.

Well didst thou keep it trimmed and fed
Through many years—till one drew nigh:
"Behold, the bridegroom comes," he said;
And gladness ran from earth to sky
When, leading thee, the Lord passed by.

VI.

"Henceforth they from their labors rest."
Look down, O, joyful saint, and see
How with his words of comfort blest,
Our dearest solace still shall be
To love him more for loving thee.

Memorial Booklet.

VICTIM AND VICTOR.

[A. S. C., author of a lost poem entitled
"His Bitter Wine," of which the three lines
italicized herein are the only ones remembered.]

I.

Racked and rent and sick at heart,
Sang a beauteous friend of mine:
"Let my youth and strength depart,—
All Life's sweetness I resign;
While His well-beloved sup,
Leaning on the breast divine,
If he reach to me the cup,
I can drink His bitter wine."

II.

Ah, the long, red script of pain,
Traced in heart's blood line by line!
Subtly sent through every vein
Went the treacherous anodyne,—
Blighting sense and crazing thought.
Sobbed that bruised friend of mine:
"Shall He trouble me for nought?
I can choose His bitter wine."

III.

Fleeing from the fires of doom,
On her flesh their blackening sign,
Where the silent waters gloom,
Sank that broken friend of mine.
Saw me trembling on the brink;
Whispered from the gulping brine:
"He has given me to drink:
I can bless His bitter wine."

IV.

Afterward I slept: One came
Clad in silver raiment fine:
In my dream I named her name:
"Beautiful! O, friend of mine!
Is it well with thee?" I said
"Lo, upon the breast divine
Well-beloved I lean my head!
Fear not thou His bitter wine."

ONE MERCIFUL.

[Hattie Monroe, South Haven, Mich.]

I.

Sweet as the honey with the honey-comb
Were all thy works, O, friend for whom we
grieve!
Heart of compassion, angel of the home,—
Fulfilling more than duty morn and eve:
Samaritan who went abroad to see
If any by the wayside needed thee!

II.

Thou who wert great of heart shall greater
grow,
And still the larger life include the less.
Though seas go dry and rivers cease to flow,
Yet will not memory fail nor tenderness.
Envy and wrath must die: Love only shares
Eternal life with Him whose name she bears.

III.

Though round thee suns innumerable blaze,
Though æther breathe out flowers thy smiles
to woo,
Though many a happy spirit cross thy ways
And kiss thy lips as we were wont to do,
Pity will turn thee back to seek thine own,
Lest grief of theirs should be to thee unknown.

IV.

Nay! Heavenward pass! But in some holy
calm
The WORD shall come and thou wilt sweetly
heed:
"Daughter, behold thy Loved, dispensing balm!
Visit thou them and consecrate the deed."
Then wilt thou weeping answer: "Lord, I go!
"Thou knowest I love them: grant they too
may know!"

HIS MINISTER.

[Lydia Alden.]

I.

"Should any spirit chance my way
Upon some saving errand bent,
And smile across and wave her hand—
Pass as the wind nor dare to stay,
Therewith I would be well content,
Would wait and rest and understand,"—
I mused: but nothing could I say;
For as a ruined blossom, rent
From God's great rose-tree, on the sand
I lay within the washing tide—
The strip all narrow, seas all wide!
If He had sent His messenger
Abroad, I could but look for her,

II.

Not through the airy void she came,
From out the star-engendering blue,—
Beside me verily she stood!
As in a dream I knew her name
And well her human sweetness knew,—
That beauty of her maidenhood,
The red-rose blush—Love's hallowed flame,
The lips whose laughter breaking through
Made bitter sweet and evil good.
Upon the drifting thing she gazed,
Brought back the flower none else had praised.
By miracle to breathe and stir—
So gathered to the heart of her.

III.

And oh, the wide, white brow upraised
For giving thanks, while dark as night
Lapsed the long billow victimless.
Once more for me the sunlight blazed,—
Set in a cup of malachite
As there were still some loveliness.
But she, full soon, with glory dazed
(For she was precious in His sight!),
Rose up, laid by her mortal dress,
Put on the garment beautiful—
More white than thrice-white fuller's wool—
And so became God's minister
But long, oh, long, I watch for her!

THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

[Harriet Permelia Jones, aged 74.]

I.

O, thou whose courage, Heaven-imbued,
Was like the wind-blown cedar strong,
Who toiled with patience unsubdued
Nor grieved nor made complaint of wrong,
Who asked no meed of gratitude
Though tasks were hard and service long,—
Well might we search our hearts to see
If there some worthiness might be,—
Loaded with benefits from thee!

II.

Thou didst not search nor seem to know
If any failed in thankfulness;
Returning yet again to show
Some way of making labor less,
And without recompense bestow
Nor ever weariness confess.
Beloved, art thou content to be
Where all are happy, safe and free
And none have any need of thee?

III.

No widowed mother to sustain?
No hunger-wolf to keep at bay
From helpless orphans? Nought to gain
For others?—Lo, but yesterday
One passed through all the floods of pain!
Didst thou not meet him on the way?
And did he not cry out to thee:
“O, sister, thou art fair to see!
And art thou come to comfort me?”

IV.

Ah, well we know if thou dost pass,
Unchanged, to where the heavens are bowed
While those beside the sea of glass
Cast down their crowns and cry aloud,
Thou canst but choose the paths of grass
Where children walk in wind and cloud!
Since Love that doth encompass thee
Is deeper than the deepest sea,
What thou desirest—that shall be.

FRIENDS REMAINING.

I.

Long time have I traveled this round-the-world
road;

Long time I have carried this wearisome load:
But why do these friends whom I happen to
meet

Reach out, as in pity, my steps to steady,
And softly the comforting phrases repeat
Folk use when they know there is evil to bode?
Why bring me the callas and violets sweet
As though I were dead already?—al-
ready.

II.

I know where the wasp and the bumble-bee dip
In red and white clover—there blissfully sip;
I know where the humming-birds flicker
and drink

That nectar of Hebe, honeyed and heady:
What then?—Am I one to be frightened and
shrink?—

Though a carnival-masquer my raiment should
grip

(I chancing to pause!): "Pass along! One
would think

You had lodged with the dead already!"—
already.

III.

Ah, Beloved!—Will you tremble with wonder
and fear
To find me at rest?—Will you shudder and
veer
And follow the mummers from temple to
mart?
Nay! How should your pulses be feeble
and thready,
So fed and so filled from a generous heart!
You have counseled me, cherished me, given
me cheer,
Have praised me and loved me as that were
a part
Of your creed and I dead already!—al-
ready.

IV.

Were I verily dead what could hinder to say?
In a fleet caravel I should voyage away,
To a golden, great Continent cry "All hail!"
But oh, should there be some returning,
swift eddy,
Some swerve of the helm or some trick of
the sail,
Whereby I might float back—yea, enter the
bay!—
While we smiled on each other God's peace
would prevail
As though you were dead already!—already.
May 23, 1905.

THE HEREAFTER.

HIS VOICE.

[Porter Jones, 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles.]

I.

In those most grievous years
When cradled babes woke with the shock of
drums
And listeners mourned: "So close the danger
comes,
"Our best beloved, even ours, must go!"
Mine also went:—For what are women's
tears
That fear of them should work a nation
woe?
But I, in forests deep
Where the wake-robin, smiling still ap-
pears
White-rosy after melting of the snow,
Hid me with birds that in the shadow keep,
Since mine it is to sing while others weep.

II.

There slowly news blew in
Like thistle-seeds full softly taking root
To wound forevermore the naked foot
Of any school-boy rambler and to make

The blushing flower he covets hard to
win,
But so it chanced that once, at dawn
awake,—
Thrilled with a soul-sent cry
That rent this robe of flesh worn all too
thin—
I rose up trembling: "Twice my name he
spake!
"As I were by his bed I heard him sigh
And knew his dying voice . . . Ah, must he
die?"

III.

"Answer and comfort me,"
Long after whispered I, and wept and wept:
Then were the clouds from my dull eyeballs
swept.
Saw I, within the deep, disparted sky
An army moving like a glittering sea . . .
He, leaping from the ranks with hand flung
high
As victor's signal-flame
And happy mouth where kisses well might
be.
Me had he kissed,—his legions half gone by
(Did I not hear his voice that named my
name?)
But earth plucked back my soul and darkness
came.

AT FIRST.

I.

If I should fall asleep one day,
All over-worn,
And should my spirit from the clay
Go dreaming out the Heavenward way,
Or thence be softly borne,—

II.

I pray you angels do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem oft rehearsed :
"Behold, the bonds of death are burst!"
Lest I should faint with fear.

III.

But let some happy bird at hand
The silence break :
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land
And sigh myself awake.

IV.

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow
The pink arbutus and the low
Spring-beauty streaked with red,

V.

Will all suffice; no otherwhere
Impelled to roam,
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will smiling pause—of me aware—
And murmur: "Welcome Home!"

VI.

So sweetly greeted I shall rise
To kiss her cheek,
Then lightly soar in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies
Who finds and need not seek.
The Century Magazine.
Poets and Poetry of Buffalo.

AFTERWARD.

I.

I shall not find the heavens too bright,
O, Loved, my Friend!
When to thine islands of delight,
Angelic, swift and clear of sight,
Exulting I ascend.

II.

There swimming in a silver space
Unharm'd of heat,—
Their nodding flowers shall do us grace.
Nay! suns must swerve to give us place
When face to face we meet!

III.

Ah, then into the deep, dead Past,
We two will sink!
Will clutch and hold each other fast,—
Climb up from that salt sea at last,
Stand trembling on the brink!

IV.

Peer far into the dim abyss,
Laugh out to find
Not even earth may roll amiss!
Turn round and with a clinging kiss
Blend heart and soul and mind.

V.

Balsams and mints beneath our feet
With violets white,
A singing sound where thrushes meet
Shall with the blowing winds make sweet
Our islands of delight.

VI.

And they who come and go, or yet
In peace abide,
Will as the prophets shine—who met
Our sorrowing Brother, ere was set
The cross whereon he died.

VII.

We too shall glistening raiment wear,
Exceeding white
Lo, yet I breathe this desert air!
Their prey the ravening lions tear,—
I swooning at the sight!

1890.

THEIR HEAVENLY HOUSE.

I.

No star among the stars can be
More swift in flight
Than is my ransomed soul set free:
Through æther speeding far I see
A world with summits white.

II.

Thither I soar:—Up-swings amain
 Its morning sun!
Through seven fair colors laughs the rain:
I ween that is a beauteous plain
 Where yonder rivers run!

III.

Down traveling as one in haste,
 By crag and mere,
I brush the dewy mosses, laced
With balmy plants of wood and waste
 (On earth I held them dear!):

IV.

Small eye-bright, creeping princess-pine,
 Pure coolwort pale,
Striped dragon-root and partridge-vine,
With slim, red-yellow columbine
 That roots in crumbling shale.

V.

Here by the slipping falls I glean
 The bell-flower blue,
Here snowy mandrakes look and lean,
As searching for the hollows green
 Where first they drank the dew,—

VI.

What time, a child, I passed their way
And all the vale
Was cool with shade and flying spray
That set the jewel-weed a-sway—
So tall it was and frail.

VII.

Lo, here the drooping beeches hide
Their giant brakes,
And here the alder trees divide,
Where babbling mountain brooks make wide
The white-emblossomed lakes.

VIII.

Far-spreading to the level skies,
Here, drift on drift,
Red meadow-lilies sink and rise,
For many a humming creature flies
And Summer gales are swift.

IX.

As doubtful of the way I turn,—
Behold, above,
Pellucid domes as bubbles burn!
To reach that Holy House I yearn,
I tremble—sick of love!

X.

There two abide in deep content :
Soft sounds there be
Where late their choral music went,
Whose mountain-echoes, all unspent,
Are like a singing sea.

XI.

O, hark! Within a raptured cry :
"She comes, full fair,
Who heard, at night, the Master sigh
And whispered, grieving : 'Here am I!
With me thy sorrows share!'

XII.

"Oft with her burdens overweighed,
Where snares abound,
Erring and sinful—deep afraid,
She followed him whom men betrayed,
And pierced with many a wound.

XIII.

"Arise! His well-beloved greet,—
Long needing rest!
Has he not named our daughter sweet
As flowers that kissed his wandering feet—
In whom we too are blest?"

XIV.

Not less I weeping answer : "Nay!
 "These many years,
Save for your footprints in the clay
I had not kept the narrow way!"
 Fast fall their happy tears!
 Kansas Woman's Press Association.

WITHOUT THE GATES.

I.

When, new in Heaven, I turn aside
 From friends long dear,
And where the starry paths divide
Within a holy shadow hide
 And to my LORD draw near,—

II.

Late mountain climber, sore distressed,
 Torn hands and feet,
Lo, as a babe upon His breast,
Rest, rest, immeasurable rest
 Will be my portion sweet!

III.

As a full river Peace will flow :
 Till satisfied
I sigh : "Thy bliss I faintly know :
"Give me no less to share thy woe.
 And with thy lost abide."

IV.

Thence passing—evermore to be
 His messenger—
How will His darkness cover me!
O, leper most abhorred! to thee
 My love shall minister,—

V.

Even to the uttermost of grief,
 Than death more dread :
Till thou—of sinful ones the chief—
Full sorely weeping, past belief,
 Shalt from the tombs be led.

VI.

Behold, without the city-gates
 The Master stands
And thy desired coming waits!
There shalt thou pluck the honeyed dates
 With healed and hallowed hands,—

VII.

His words, through many a flowery place
Repeating oft:
A happy, happy child of grace,—
Caressing winds upon thy face
And infant-kisses soft.

VIII.

Hewer of sepulchres, make wide
The doorways dim,
Where outcasts lurk whom men deride,
There will my LORD and I abide:—
I shall be safe with Him.

A FLOWER OF PARADISE.

*"Now a phantasy,
A simple shape, an image of the brain,
Is merely passive, does not retroact,
Is seen but sees not."*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I.

Long since, ere the bloom of my youth went
by,
The hand of a spirit was on me laid:
"Look now on the sun, nor be dismayed.

It rocks! It pales!—By the symbol high,
The lord of the household soon must die.”

II.

Again (and now with a soft command) :
“He has left his work ere the day is done;
He drops from his place as a falling sun.
Let there be no mourning in all the land
While GOD, for your father, puts forth His
hand.

III.

“To give him a welcome they gather afar
On the mount where the chanting harpers
meet,—
The brothers he loved and the sisters sweet
The sires who wander from star to star,
The mothers who stay where the cherubim are,

IV.

“With the sun-bright boy and the babes that
first
He kissed, when the loves and thoughts of
them
Were like rills that a fallen leaf could stem,
Pure waters, dripping where rocks had burst
When THE FATHER pitied his father-thirst.”

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

AMERICA: ELECT AMONG NATIONS.

I.

Now who are these thronging thy gate?

One knocks at thy door:

"Behold, where my multitudes wait!

They hunger and great is thy store!

They have drunk of the fountains of salt

Where the red lions breed;

They are leprous and fevered and halt,

They are humbled and bruised as the reed."

Is not this the Master indeed?

Foot-weary and worn

The heat of the day he has borne:

Wilt thou comfort all these in their need?

II.

Wert thou not cast up from the sea

To a banquet of blood?

And are there not balsams for thee,

Magnolias and laurels in bud?

Thy harvests—who reckons their worth?—

Wheat and corn in the seed:

For the armies that trample the earth

Who numbers thy cattle that bleed?

*Shall Christ for his desolate plead
Nor move thee to bless?
O, thou who art rich beyond guess,
Turn back to thy records and read!*

III.

Uplift them the Black and the Brown;
Anoint the torn feet.
Are they troublers?—of evil renown?
Yet cleanse them and they shall be sweet.
Who murdered that LOVER OF MEN?
Not theirs was the deed.
Should they wound thee in anger, what then?
He calls thee: O, serve him with speed!

*Stand forth in thy beauty and feed
His Poor unashamed.
Full sweetly thy name shall be named
And who shall thy glory exceed!
The Outlook.*

THE SAVING OF AN EMPIRE.

Inscribed to John Hay, U. S. Secretary of State.

I.

Said one among his counselors :
"My soul the battle-creed abhors :
Yet to be Czar indeed,
My neighbor's hate must I provoke,
Lay on Manchuria my yoke—
Cleave China for my need."

Hearkened the angel of the yellow seas :
*"And if thou plunder these—
God's ancient, foolish, well-belovèd folk—
Canst thou His wrath appease?"*

II.

"I sicken with desire," quoth he :
"Needs must I reach the open sea,
Drink up its winds like wine,—
Send round my armored ships of oak
To meet my rushing trains a-smoke,
And make its harbors mine!"

Answered the angel of the lesser seas :
*"Armed are the Japanese,
Jealous and fierce, a mighty Island-folk :
And wilt thou slaughter these?"*

III.

"God keep our fatherland from wars!"

Spake one among his counselors:

"But tell me what prevents
That I, on China's coast, evoke
My world-defying thunder-stroke
And stretch abroad my tents?"

Sighed the great angel set to guard the seas:

*"That thou mayst pillage these?
Break in upon the homes of humble folk
And kill their honey-bees?"*

IV.

"Nay! but they spurn the Christ!" said he:

"The blood of martyrs calls to me!

Hear ye my just decrees:
Lead in my ships, their channels choke,
And where Confucius loved and spoke
Their holy city seize!"

*"Howbeit to thee they, loathing, bend the
knees,*

*They worship whom they please:
And dear to God are all His sinful folk;
Art thou more just than these?"*

V.

Spake one far off: "O, Counselors,
"Plague not the weak with wounds and wars
And ravenings ill to meet!
Through open doorways Peace invoke;
Speak, as of old, the Master spoke,
And win a welcome sweet."

Cried the strong angel of the sheltered seas:
"Come ye and comfort these
With righteous traffic till the busy folk
Laugh out and live at ease."

VI.

Again from far: "O, emperors,
"Whose armies in a war of wars
Your crimsoning flags unfold,—
Albeit God's holy truce ye broke
See that ye wield no thunder-stroke
To cleave His empire old."

Chanted the angel of the embattled seas:
"Russian and Japanese—
War if ye must but spare His pagan folk
Who strive their dead to please."

VII.

Among his pallid counselors
One sighs: "Their greed the earth abhors,
"Who haste to seize and hold.

Alas! and who shall lift the yoke
From Russia's poor?—their bareness cloak?
Crush their revoltings bold?"

Sorrowed that angel of the drowning seas:
*"Corruption taints the breeze.
By fort and hill who counts the slaughtered
folk?
What sunken ships are these?"*

VIII.

O, thou, beside thy broken wall,
An opium-slumberer held in thrall,
Great-limbed and dull of sight,
Rise, China! Not in battle-smoke
Christ comes Be thine his easy yoke
And thine his burden light.

Sings the white angel treading down the seas:
*"New wine or bitter lees,
Lo, GOD shall give to all His mighty folk
As they shall give to these!"*

FORT RILEY.

Through the efforts of General Philip Henry Sheridan, a tract of 20,000 acres along the Republican and Smoky Hill Rivers, Kansas, was set aside by Congress in 1886 as a perpetual training-ground for a National School of Cavalry and Artillery. This tract includes Col. Ogden's monument, which stands exactly upon the geographical center of the United States.

I.

Where the prairies under a zenith white
Through the golden flowers of the
"Sunny State,"
Have opened their wildering paths of light
To the inmost heart of a nation great,
The hills for the trampling squadrons wait.

II.

Left bare in the billowy movements grand
When the gods that rise from a fiery tide
Beneath the roof of the crusted sand—
Rocking the earth with their clamberings
wide—
Went shoving and shouldering seas aside,—

III.

They stand a-daze in a glimmer of smoke
Through a luminous ether soaring high,
From the dusky thickets of elm and oak
On guard where the calm, blue rivers lie,
To the gray rock-brows that front the eye.

IV.

O, soldiers—loved by a soldier great—
Ere the night-like shadow of war obscures,
Ride in to your home through a golden gate,
For the nation's inmost heart is yours
As long as the heart of the world endures!

V.

Yours, when the winds are fleet and sharp,
That out of the ice-cold countries blow,
When you gallop abreast over valley and scarp
And follow the flight of the powdered
snow,
To scatter the lines of a phantom foe;

VI.

Yours when the hurrying springs return
And up from the low-land creeps the fire,
While the withered sun-flowers crackle and burn
And all in a blossoming glory aspire
To the star-sown realm of their long
desire;

VII.

Yours when the boughs of the red-bud glow
In the mossy ravines where the thrushes
sing,
Where the pink wood-sorrels and daisies grow
And the fair-faced flowers of the compass
swing
On the slopes where the jubilant larks up-
spring;

VIII.

Yours when the yucca lifts her head,
As a princess might, while the troops go
past,
And the sensitive-roses and mallows—red
As a patriot's life-blood oozing fast,
Are under the hoofs of your horses cast!

IX.

But what of the heir of a Roman name—
The young Republic stately and proud,
Whose sons were swathed in a garment of
flame,
What time the head of the prophet was
bowed
And the LORD rode by in the thick, black
cloud?

X.

And what of the people first and last—
Saxon and Norman—Puritan-bred,
Huguenot—whirled in a devil's blast,
When Charles looked out and the night
was red
And his beautiful cities were heaped with
dead?

XI.

Peasant and anarchist, prince and serf
(Cargo of sinking ships out-thrown!),
African—tramping a blood-soaked turf,
Drift of the continents overgrown,
Dust of the Orient hitherward blown!

XII.

When the toppling monarchies crashing fall
(The world a-weary of purple state!)
When the empire-gulfing waters all
Up-gathering, tower in an eagle great,
And Madness rides on the waves elate,—

XIII.

Far over the Freeman's country hurled:
O, soldiers, loved by a chieftain tried
As the mighty gods of the underworld
(With the people beneath in a fiery tide),
Arise and shoulder the seas aside!

America.

HAWAII.

A Recognized Republic, Feb., 1894.

I.

"Let the waters divide," said the LORD in His
power,

"And the firmament be."

Then rose a white mist like the lily in flower,
Where Hawaii, set free,

(With His fire in her heart,) stood before Him
that hour

And gathered her islands up out of the
sea :

"As the rose they shall blossom," said He.

II.

Be at peace, ye proud billows that haste to de-
vour ;

His Belovèd is she !

The rulers that trample the lilies in flower

And their war-plagues decree,

If they touch but Hawaii's gold borders shall
cower :

For out of the whirlwind His answer shall
be

When He spreadeth His light on the sea.

III.

O, Hawaii, the sunrise is on thee this hour!
Be it spoken of thee:

"She hallows her beautiful mountains that
tower

Where the cloud-shadows flee;
She is white in His sight as a lily in flower;
As gardens of spices her islands shall be—
Most sweet in the midst of the sea!"

Overland Monthly.

"MY IRISH."

[In Reverent Memory of VICTORIA the Good.]

I.

"Now thanks to my Irish!" out-spake the
great Queen:

"Hot-hearted, courageous and knightly,
Away marched their infantry, gallant of mien,
And oh, but their troopers were sightly!
They crossed the wide sea where the vessels
careen,

They faced the thick bolts of Death, speeding
unseen,—

Ah, how shall I honor them rightly?

II.

"So vast is the reach of my empire terrene,
My snows, North and South glimmer
whitely:
Tides laugh where my beautiful isles intervene,
Suns garnish my continents brightly,
Full blithely shall African harvesters glean:
But alas, for the wounded and slain!" sighed
the Queen:
"And how shall I honor them rightly!"

III.

"Go pluck me the pride of your island-demesne,
Child-wanderers gentle and sprightly!
To pin on my breast where the little ones lean
That comfort me daily and nightly.
To them I will talk of my Irish who screen
My throne at such cost,—they shall learn,"
said the Queen:
"Of heroes and honor them rightly.

IV.

"Bring hither their bugler, too young for that
scene
Where War plowed the furrows un-
sightly:
Yet ever his bugle rang out clear and keen

While, bleeding, he clung to it tightly.
I will give him another of silvery sheen,
And send the boy back to the front," smiled
the Queen.

"To prove that I honor him rightly.

V.

"God speed you, dragoon, fusilier and marine!
Your lowliest soldier is knightly:
With Roberts and Kitchener,—what do they
mean

Who speak of my Irish so lightly?
No doubt but great Wellington, riding unseen,
Went leading the ranks that are wearing the
green:

Shout, England and honor them rightly!

VI.

"Blow, blow, little bugler! your melody keen
Oft sounded shall never ring tritely.
Your bugle starts echoes from rock and ravine
However you breathe in it slightly!
Unscared sing the love-birds—their plumage
they preen

On the graves of My Irish: yet blow," spake
the Queen,

"Your music shall honor them rightly.

VII.

"O, Ireland, so narrow the channel between
The sea-gulls cross over it lightly!
Your seeds have blown hither : See, deep in this
green
Your shamrock is blossoming whitely!
Who says that I love not my Irish? I ween
It is little he knows of true love," quoth the
Queen :
"My heart breaks to honor them rightly!"

AMERICA TO ENGLAND.

[At Close of the South African War.]

I.

Hail, thou of whom false seers did prophesy
Of late, upon the hills, with hands out-
spread!
"Tremble, O, England! Stretched athwart the
sky,
To drink thy blood the dragon War hath
sped,
To whom, erewhile, were knights and
maidens fed:
Tremble nor look for help. . . St. George
is dead.

II.

"Lo, proud Assyria to her greatness wed,
Wise Egypt and Phœnicia none descry!
Call if thou wilt,—no sleeper lifts the head:
It is the roaring lion makes reply.
Greater thy fall as thou art built more
high:
Art thou not dying? Harken! thou shalt
die!"

III.

Rent were the mountains when the LORD passed
by:
Up-rose the wild-haired warriors, Island-
bred,
Who crushed against the spears, hearts drain-
ing dry
To keep thee fair and free for whom they
bled.
They leaped to life from where they made
their bed:
They had been fierce and fell,—their
ghosts were dread!

IV.

"Britain, be these our sons, to carnage led,
Full loud of voice and swift as hounds in
cry?

For thee must they the leopard's pathway
thread
While darkening heaven the bearded vul-
tures hie?
O, Sweet, our Mother! Thee should they
deny,
Ourselves would smite them, warring
eye to eye!

V.

"What though thy wandering feet the jungle
try
Where close the tigress creeps, her young
unfed,
Fast shall they follow, lest thou sink and sigh
Wounded, for-done, with many foes
bested!
Content thee! their's the toil: turn thou
and spread
Thy board with milk and flesh and sacred
bread!"

VI.

Hail, England! Thou to more than greatness
wed!
As for thy martyrs, evermore they cry
Before his face who did the wine-press tread:
"Holy is He who gave us leave to die
For our Belovèd! Far her doves shall fly
And Mercy brood between the sea and
sky."

VII.

Enriched with lilies shall thy years go by,—
The TREE of trees thy shelter overhead:
Behold, the leaves upon its branches high
Are for the healing of the nations shed!
Twelve are its fruits—the purple and the
red.
Pluck thou and eat and be with sweetness
fed.

PANAMA:

Home of the Dove-plant, or Holy Ghost Flower.

I.

What time the Lord drew back the sea
And gave thee room, slight Panama,
“I will not have thee great,” said He,
But thou shalt bear the slender key
Of both the gates I builded Me.
And all the great shall come to thee
For leave to pass, O, Panama!
[*Flower of the Holy Ghost, white dove,
Breathe sweetness where He wrought in
love!*]

II.

His oceans call across the land!
“How long, how long, fair Panama,
Wilt thou the shock of tides withstand,

Nor heed us, sobbing by the strand?
Set wide thy gates on either hand,
That we may search through saltless sand
 May clasp and kiss, O, Panama!
 *[Flower of the deep-embosomed dove
 So should His mighty nations love!]*

III.

Outpeal His holy temple-clocks!
 It is thine hour, glad Panama:
Now shall thy key undo the locks;
The strong shall cleave thy sunken rocks:
Swung loose and floating from their docks,
The world's white fleets shall come in flocks
 To thread thy straits, O, Panama!
 *[Flower of the tropics, snowy dove,
 Forbid, unless they come in love.]*

IV.

How beautiful is thy demesne!
 Search out thy wealth, proud Panama,
Thy gold, thy pearls of silver sheen,
Thy fruitful palms, thy thickets green,
Load thou the ships that ride between:
Attire thee as becomes a Queen,—
 The great ones greet thee, Panama.
 *[Flower of the white and peaceful dove
 Let all men pass who come in love.]*
The Century Magazine.

A SONG OF PEACE.

I.

From out the flowering lilac-tree
A singing sound saluted me:

I said: "Is that the wren?"
Or bird or spirit, still the voice
So made my leaping heart rejoice,
I sang: "Declare, my tongue and pen,
"He comes! he comes! the MAN of men!"

II.

And all the lilac-blossoms white
Breathed out their odors of delight
To gladden field and fen:
While through enraptured spaces high
Where war's reverberations die,
One called: "Prepare! ye nations ten!
"Behold he comes! the MAN of men!"

III.

O, world, with blood of slaughter wet,
Are not the vials emptied yet
That deluge hill and glen?
Through smoke of human sacrifice,
Still must the cry of pleading rise:
"We knew that thou wilt come . . . but
when?
Earth groans for thee, thou MAN of
men!"

IV.

The listening lilacs white as snow
That loveliness of him shall know :
 Sing low, enchanting wren.
Lest we should lose some echo soft
Swooning, reviving far aloft,
 Where, screened of God from mortal ken,
Souls chant : "Behold the MAN of men!"

V.

No bursting bomb shall mar the feast;
No nation, as an hungered beast,
 Come snarling from the den;
No armies, all dismembered, hear
The shrieking wounded far and near;
 No wailing women answer then :
When he shall come—the MAN of men.

VI.

O, mourners, cover well your dead!
Into God's peace their souls have fled.
 Sweet, sweet, O, singing wren,
Love's plenteous dew on vale and hill!
There shall his lilies drink their fill!
 Ah, crucify him not again!
Behold, he comes! the MAN of men!
 Kansas Federation of Women's Clubs.

FINIS.

I.

*In the uttermost hour, when the singing is done
(For a poet must slumber!) and over the sun
Fall the veils of the firmament, one by one,—*

*Now tell me, all ye who are wise and
young*

*(The bell, oh, the bell hath a silver tongue
When the blithe hand pulls!), may we
hear among*

*Those far-away echoes a word out-flung:
“Let the spinning-wheel rest, for the fleece is
spun:—*

*What song hath the whirling spindle
sung?”*

II.

*When, robed as the lilies, the noble and fair
Pass on to the crowning—the cardinals there
In their hats (but the head of the King is
bare!),—*

*Now tell me, all ye who are foolish and old
(Oh, faintly—oh, slowly the bell will be
tollèd*

*By the palsied hand!), may a page be bold
To cry: Here is thread for a loom to hold;
“And a small, pale singer, who climbs the stair,
Hath need, great need of the cloth of
gold?”*

III.

*Will that skein, by the reel from the spindle
caught,
Be warped and woven and all in-wrought
With shimmering pearls through the deep seas
brought?
Now tell me, all ye who are lifted high
(The bell, oh, the bell! let the murmurs
die
While we listen—listen!), may one draw
nigh
And watch, as the weaving shuttles fly?
Be clothed with that loveliness—passing
thought?
Yea, speak with the KING as the KING
moves by?*

NT

JW



JAN 5 - 1940

